

Zion's Herald.

VOLUME LXVII.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1889.

NUMBER 36.

Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY THE
Boston Wesleyan Association,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.
ALONZO S. WOOD, Publisher.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.
Price including postage \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

THE OUTLOOK.

When the "Alaska" in 1882 reduced the transatlantic trip to less than seven days, it was thought that the limit was reached, and that no swifter time was possible; but the "Oregon," the "Etruria," the "Umbria," successively cut down the hours, until the "City of Paris" broke all previous records by making the passage from Queenstown to New York in 5 days, 23 hours and 7 minutes; and the wonder had scarcely ceased when this same "ocean greyhound" reduced her own record by 3 hours and 45 minutes, her time having been 5 days, 19 hours, and 18 minutes. The Inman Line holds the palm, therefore; but when the White Star "Teutonic" gets settled to her work, with her two sets of independent machinery, one for each screw, the palm may be disputed; and even the "Augusta Victoria," of the Hamburg-American line, may yet wear the honors. A limit, of course, will be reached some time, but who can tell when?

The date of the "Conference of the Three Americas," to be held in Washington, is Oct. 2. The names of fourteen of the delegates from the Central and South American States have been transmitted to the State department; it is expected, however, that the Conference when it assembles will number, including the ten delegates from this country, between fifty and sixty members. After organizing and calling officially upon President Harrison, the party will start upon the excursion tendered to the foreign delegates by our government. This excursion will continue from Oct. 3 to Nov. 14, and will begin with a visit to the commercial and manufacturing centres of New England and northern New York. Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit will be inspected. Three days will be spent in Chicago. The great cities of the Northwest will next be visited; and after these, Omaha, Fort Leavenworth, St. Louis, the capitals of Illinois and Indiana, the natural gas region, Cincinnati (where the delegates will see how an election is conducted, Nov. 5), the Mammoth Cave, and several Southern cities. Incidentally, Harvard, Yale and Michigan Universities, Menlo Park, and various reformatory and benevolent institutions will receive attention from the excursionists. The distance covered will be 7,126 miles. The actual work of the congress will begin November 18, and will continue several months.

In his noble address at Chicago, at the twelfth annual meeting of the American Bar Association, President David Dudley Field, after reviewing the recent changes in statute law, offered some observations concerning the legal profession which were worthy of a wider hearing. The profession of law the speaker held to be foremost and honorable. "As the soldier is first in a warlike nation, so the lawyer is, and must always be, first in a free and peaceful one." The lawyer's duties are threefold — to his clients, to the courts, and to the State. He is bound, according to Mr. Field, to "give his opinion to every one who asks for it, and offers a reasonable fee." No client should be left in ignorance of his rights and of his duties. The present chaotic condition of the laws was lamented upon, as one cause of delay in the administration of justice. "So far as I am aware," the speaker said, "there is no other country calling itself civilized where it takes so long to punish a criminal and so many years to get a final decision between man and man." The trouble did not arise from dearth of lawyers, for there must be at least 66,000 members of the profession in this country, or one to every 999 of population, and yet the average length of a lawsuit in the different States ranges between six years and one and a half. Lawyers might "talk less and speed more," but the effective remedies for expediting justice are the codification of our laws and the simplification of legal phraseology.

The noteworthy features about the great labor strike in London were its magnitude, its restraint, and its success. It began with the dock-laborers, but quickly spread to the sailors and firemen, the iron-workers, the coal men, the printers, the tin-platers, and a half-dozen other trades, until about 150,000 laborers were combined together, and two hundred and fifty steamers lay idle, and perishable goods, like mutton for example — thousands of tons of it — rotted at the wharves, and the whole shipping business of the largest port in the world was utterly paralyzed. The trouble began with the demand of the longshoremen for an advance of wages from ten cents to twelve cents per hour, their grievance being that their work was precarious and irregular, not lasting sometimes more than two or three hours a day. This demand the boss stevedores, or dock masters, who hire the laborers, and contract for handling cargoes at so much per ton, refused. The men, thereupon, quit work. Public opinion favored the strike. This was especially exhibited by the sympathy shown during the frequent parades. At this time of writing the indications are that this colossal rebellion of labor has attained its end without collision. Much of the good behavior of the disaffected thousands was due to the completeness of their organization, and

their submission to their leaders. One of the latter is a man named Burns, a noted Socialist, and a member of the City Councils recently established under the Local Government bill. He was successful not only in restraining the strikers from acts of violence, but also in preventing the importation of laborers from Holland and other places.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

Fourth of July Reflections.

BY REV. WM. L. BULL, D. D.

MR. EDITOR: On this day of the year above all others the mind of the average American turns instinctively to the consideration of the past; while the booming of cannon, the display of pyrotechnics and the effusions of oratory combine to impress his imagination with the importance of the great event we celebrate — the proclamation to the world of the Declaration of Independence.

By all means let us as individuals and as a nation never cease to commemorate the most momentous event of modern times with the single exception of the Protestant Reformation; for the acceptance of the principle of the right of private judgment was a necessary precedent to the overthrow of the doctrine of the divine right of kings and the substitution of the principle that the true foundation of government lies in the consent of the governed.

Yet the wise patriot will not rest satisfied merely with expressing his gratitude for what his country has achieved in the past, but will seriously ask himself whether with all the freedom we as a nation now enjoy, to a degree unparalleled in the history of mankind, there is not left much to be desired and struggled for — not, it may be, in the direction of political and certainly not at all as regards religious liberty, but in our social and industrial relations? Whether now that human chattel slavery has been abolished, we are not in danger of perpetuating what we certainly are fostering.

A System of Wage-Slavery.

By which, under the sanction of the written law and under what we mistakenly but honestly suppose to be the inexorable and never-to-be-superseded economic law of unrestricted private competition, millions of human beings are deprived of their rights and kept in a state of dependency; and which, with the rapid concentration of capital in the hands of the few, the general introduction of machinery in all branches of trade, and a practically unrestricted and artificially stimulated immigration, threatens to divide modern society and to crystallize it into two great classes — the capitalist and the wage-earner? Whether we have not, in idea at least, transferred our belief in the divine right of kings to government, to that which has been left for a democracy to evolve — the divine right of capital to rule, although it is true we express it less offensively in the worst than meaningless, because so misleading, phrase, the "rights of property," as if in some way property had its rights irrespective of the rights of those whose existence and labor give to property its value?

The Declaration of Independence affirms: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

One hundred and thirteen years have passed away since these rights were declared to be the inalienable rights of all men, and yet of the three here mentioned, but one has become an established fact, and that only in its religious or ecclesiastical and civil aspect. To be sure, Article V of the Constitution of the United States reads: "No person . . . shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law," yet so long as, not here and there but everywhere, men, women and children suffer for want of the necessities of life, and in thousands of cases die a premature death from lack of proper sustenance — not because they are unwilling to work, but because they cannot get it; because while a few millions own the earth, or at least the civilized portion of it, hundreds of millions go landless, if not homeless; just so long as these human beings are deprived of life, not legally, but morally and truly in His sight who has commanded us to "judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."

As to claiming for such persons an inalienable right to "the pursuit of happiness," an inherent and indefeasible right of acquiring, possessing and protecting property," as the Constitution of our own State, Pennsylvania, declares still more explicitly, it is a "delusion and a mockery" from which we need awakening lest we hear ringing in our ears the awful query — a query the sound thereof those who bend their heads low enough think they hear already — "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

Let us be still more definite, however, and on this day — the anniversary of our birth-right — ask ourselves, not only as believers in the Declaration of Independence, but also, what is much more pertinent, in the precepts of Christianity, a few searching questions with special reference to

Our Duty as Employers and Property Holders

— a relationship descriptive of the condition of a large number of your readers.

While the observance of the letter of the Ten Commandments, it will generally be admitted, is more or less true of most of us as individuals in our mutual intercourse, there is still a broader field of morals extending to our relations with society at large which we would do well to consider, for there are sins which we as Christians and Americans are guilty of — unconsciously, perhaps, yet really guilty of — and truly responsible for — which it behooves us to take into account, lest being

guilty of Cain's sin, we in our selfishness and neglect ask Cain's question, which virtually by our lives and by our conduct we have asked already: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Allude to the far too general disregard of the rights, the claims and the needs of those we are pleased to term the working or dependent classes.

Is there no higher law to govern the Christian employer in his relation with his employees than the law of supply and demand — a law which treats myriads of our fellow-beings as commodities, and which is sure to work to the disadvantage of the workingman so long as the supply at least of unskilled labor is greater than the demand; the observance of which is a pregnant cause of the great army of the unemployed all around us, and which will partially explain the astounding fact, that according to Mr. Carroll Wright (the Commissioner of Labor's Report for 1885), nearly 1,000,000 of men, or 71.2 per cent. of the working class in the United States, were out of work that year. Some four weeks ago Mr. Powderly informed me that he estimated the same number at the present time.

Is it a Christian civilization that permits a condition of things in all the cities of our land such as we see to-day — palaces which kings might envy, tenement houses and hovels in which I for one would not wish to keep a pet horse or dog? Is it a Christian sentiment that permits without rebuke a woman — no matter to how many charity organizations she may belong — to wear in dress or jewelry that whose cost would be sufficient to support a laboring man and his family from one to four or five years in ease and comfort; or which allows a man — however generous he may be in his contributions to worthy objects — to expend upon his luxuries in one day enough to sustain the same workingman's family for from one to two weeks. "The Son of Man knew not where to lay his head," and the end of His life was the cross. There are tens of thousands of the sons of men in this land of whom virtually the same thing can be said, not because they have voluntarily forsaken their homes as He did His to do His Father's will and to finish the work that Father had given Him to do, but from the want of work and their inability to purchase land, they are unable to keep a house they can call their own if they have had one, or to procure one if they have not.

There is scarcely a square foot of ground within hundreds of miles of our great centres of population upon which multitudes have any recognized right to stand, sit or lie except on the few spots known as public, or while temporarily passing along the highways, or when within the precincts of the slumhouse, because all such land is owned (?) by other individuals either in their private or corporate capacity. The very beasts of the earth, the fish of the sea, and the birds of the air are better off in this respect; for the earth, the water, and the trees furnish them with gratuitous homes.

When such a condition as I have described is so common that we, alas! Christians though we call ourselves, have ceased to think, much less trouble ourselves about it as we live our lives absorbed in money-getting and in the pleasures of social life, until a rude shock, such as was felt at Chicago in 1886, arouses us from our lethargy into some realization of its awfulness, and impresses us with the sense of our personal responsibility for it, surely the time has come when each of us should ask himself whether a great deal of our boasted civilization is not based upon a false foundation? Whether, as the country becomes settled and the population increases, much that we have hitherto called property, especially in land, may not become a form of robbery deserving the condemnation of the law as well as of public opinion? Whether it is not incumbent upon every believer in the Sermon on the Mount and who is an employer of labor, be he the proprietor of a manufacturing establishment on which hundreds are dependent, a merchant with his clerks, a farmer with his hands, or one who hires a servant to do household work, to pay his employees not merely the lowest wages for which they are willing or obliged to work to support themselves and their families, but what they are really worth to him in the conduct of his business, the management of his farm, or the care of his house? Whether the awful denunciations of Christ against the religious formalists of His day are not far too applicable to large numbers of professing Christians of our own, who would be horrified perhaps at any such use of them: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses; and for a pretence make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation." "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithes of mint, and anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, and faith; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

In putting these questions I hope your readers will observe that I say, not you, because I happen to be to a slight extent a property owner and employer of labor, and therefore can to some degree realize from personal experience the difficulties attending the solution of the Labor Problem. It is, therefore, not alone in my capacity as a preacher, but as a man, that I address these words to practical men.

These are some of the vital questions — the living issues of the day — which cannot be settled in after-dinner table-talk nor in the social club; they must be met and answered by the wise, the patriotic, the humanity-loving citizens of the land, and above all by the Christian Church. For I believe we are standing on

The Verge of a Moral Revolution — or, if that expression sounds too harsh, let us call it reformation — which it behooves every Christian man and woman both to hasten and to guide, so that its fruits may be holy, and the saint sometimes heard that "modern Christianity is only a kind of civilized heathen-

ism," be once and forever proved untrue.

Finally, my fellow citizens, and especially my fellow Christians, has not the time come for you to give a reply to these great questions? We glory in the record Massachusetts and Pennsylvania especially have made for themselves in the past in their noble efforts to destroy negro slavery. We honor other States of the Union for their devotion in the present to the temperance cause. Will not all sections of our country, and every branch of the Christian Church, and especially that largest branch in this land, the Methodist Church — to which, although a member of another communion [the Protestant Episcopal], I gladly offer my tribute of well-merited praise that she has always been thoroughly American in her principles as well as a church for the masses — soon come to see that the rights of man as man are more comprehensive than the rights of a race however down-trodden, and that there may be a condition of things not insipidly termed industrial or wage slavery, and that they cannot further the cause of temperance more surely than by doing what they can to remove one of its most potent causes — poverty — so far as it is the result of our present industrial system of unrestricted private competition, which history is rapidly proving to be only another name for the pagan principle 'that might makes right' — the quintessence of selfishness.

Let us do what we can to hasten the day when the aim of one of our most prominent labor organizations shall be realized, when "an injury to one shall be the concern of all," and "each shall be for all and all for each."

"I tremble not with terror but with hope,
As the great day reveals its coming soon;
Never in earlier days our hearts to cheer,
Have such bright gifts of heaven been brought so near."

Not ever has been kept the aspiring soul
By space so narrow from so grand a goal."
Whitford, Chester County, Pa.

SUMMER FOR THE GIRLS, AND GIRLS FOR THE SUMMER.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

"It seems as if the summer were made for the girls," said a languid, discontented-looking woman, as she drew back her chair on the hotel piazza to make room for a merry group of maidens taking their morning promenade. They were walking four abreast. They were fresh as the sweet-peas they had captured from the landlady's pet flower-bed, whose beauties were sacred to the adornment of the long tables in the dining-room. They were chatting like young blackbirds all at once. They giggled a little, smiled a great deal, and brought their high heels down upon the resounding boards of the piazza with an energy somewhat distasteful to the woman of older and weaker nerves.

Summer made for the girls? Oh, yes, but not altogether as the woman meant it who felt they were "always everywhere" with their beaux, or their novels, or their dancing, or their spasmodic attacks on the out-of-tune hotel pianos.

There are women so constituted that, having long ago ceased to risk themselves, the friskiness of others becomes a cause for censure. They fall to remember that life's green pastures are for the playing of God's lambs as well as for the feeding of His sheep. Such souls will begrudge the summer to the girls, and yet in a peculiar and beautiful sense it belongs to them. For us, who are older, it offers warmth for the slow-pulsing, weary currents of our blood; it gives the sweet calm of sunny mornings and the gentle repose of fading sunset hours for wearied nerves; it moves us away from work, from books, from struggle; from the disappointment of failure and the unsatisfactoriness of success, and bids us lie still and rest. Nature would take us into her arms and soothe us if we were not like children grown too old and willful and restless to lie still. Much of childhood would come back to us if we did not, in the conflict and contact of the years, lose the power to "become as a little child." All this and much more is for us, but for the young, the brightness of summer is, or ought to be, the native air. They are at home in it; we have moved on to dwell in autumn shadows or winter chills. If work and care have touched their youth already, so much the more should they improve the summer vacation, and the pressure lifted, let the elasticity of girlhood give mind and body its natural rebound.

Quite too early work claims our young people. Student life is no longer all frolic and jollity. Earnestness and steady effort are no longer the exception, but the rule. The girl who lives her school life just to get through and have a good time, is in the minority and out of harmony with the prevailing sentiment. Of the fifty girls gathered recently at a well-known summer resort over twenty were students and teachers, fourteen taking their week or two of rest from desks, or type-writing machines, or business offices, at which they worked the whole year through. Half a dozen had upon them the full cares of housekeeping because of feeble mothers, and several were taking their brief respite from nursing some precious invalid. Even those who had wealth and ease had care. Hardly one of them all belonged to the pampered class who tried to please themselves and whose relatives were the victims of their selfishness, or whose homes were regulated with a view to their own desires or tastes. Many a face among them looked as if it had passed under the shadow of some burden, and on more than one breast gleamed the little silver cross that showed they were in the ranks of those who cheerfully became bearers of others' burdens for the sake of One whose law is thus fulfilled. Already among them were many varieties of life and experience as there were faces, and yet they all seemed to take to the fun and jollity, the mu-

sic and the walks, the drives and the tennis, with the same eagerness of interest and delight. "There's no price set on the lavish summer," they took it as a gift and showed their appreciation by the amount of pleasure they secured.

And in all such summering as this there is only one danger, one thing to regret or to fear, and that, not that they find so much to enjoy, so many people to see, so many things to do, but that they, in the midst of it, find no time to be alone. And more than almost any other class of beings the young girl needs her times of quiet and of solitude, her time to think and her place to think, and less than almost any other class she gets it. Modern life is so adjusted that she rarely works, enjoys, or even sleeps, alone. If in the school, companions share all her life; in the home she belongs to the family and must not seclude herself from its demands; in the street and in all public places, and even in church, she never feels alone. Consequently, when in the summer she finds herself close to Nature's heart, she fails to realize what blessings it has in store for her, and misses, from lack of appreciative power, its choicest treasures.

Think of this a little, girls, happy by the sea-shore or in the pleasant haunts among the hills! Busy as it is, this is your time of leisure for mind and body and soul. Care-free as it is, it is the time for thoughtful inward preparation for the year to come. However the merry voices around you may clamor, it is specially the time to listen, in the wooded stillness of the forest, in the murmur of the waters on the shore, in the whisper of the wind among the trees, for the still, small voice of God. It is the time for novels maybe — though older brains need more than yours the rest in the story-teller's art — but it is the time also for that earnest book you always meant to read at home. It is the time for naps in hammocks on sunny afternoons, only let not Sunday afternoon be the only one that pleasure is willing to resign to sleep. No matter if the merry tones on the piazza reach your room enticing you to the chat or the walk and the sweet idleness that no other phase of life affords. Let the companions wait a little. He who "stands at the door and knocks" is waiting too. Take some moments out of the radiant morning time to say to Him the word that will be the sweetest that will pass your lips all day. Take the Bible out of the trunk and put it open where your eye will fall upon His word, and your fingers will touch its pages now and then as you go about your room. Get away from the crowd sometimes into the sunlight or starlight alone. Let the unseen Friend be your companion now and then. The ways you choose are as well known to Him as was the road to Emmaus. He will walk and talk with us if we make Him a place at our side. From such companionship we go to all other friends with double interest in their pleasures and added gladness in their joy. The inward glow of our own true rest is like a fire that radiates and permeates and warms every other life with which it comes in contact, and makes our vacation a comfort to more souls and bodies than our own. Let us try it, girls, and, taking gladly all the other gifts of the lavish summer, remember

"Thy only heaven that is given away,
Thy only God may be had for the asking."

GRADUALNESS OF REVELATION.

BY REV. D. SHERMAN, D. D.

Nature and grace God works by the same general law. In both departments He moves with deliberation and order, ever going forward without haste, but with an eye upon the goal. Each step prepares the way for others in advance. The world was not made in a day, but the work of the first day was a preparation for the next, and so on to the completion.

The same holds of revelation as given in the Holy Scriptures. The truth of God was not an instantaneous deliverance, an abrupt outburst of light from the central sun, a sudden effulgence of midday; it came by a gradual unfolding as of the morning or of the grain, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. There is the spring-time as well as the golden autumn of revelation. The seed of promise given in Eden germinated slowly, swelling on through the age of the patriarchs, coming to leaf under the theocracy, and bursting into full bloom only under the ministry of Christ and the apostles. The law of growth is given in the Epistle to the Hebrews: "God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in His Son."

The long course of history is God's great school-house, hung about on all sides by object lessons for the instruction of mankind in the principles and practice of truth and righteousness. The Head Master in this superb Institute is the Holy Spirit, who, to use the words of Prof. Flint, "is educating each individual, each age and nation, day by day, out of two books, Nature and Scripture, both inexhaustible, the latter not less than the former; who is never wearied, and whose books, although they have lessons for the simplest, can never be outgrown by the wisest, and whose foundations remain secure and eternal even though our little systems, built thereon, have their day and crumble to dust." For twenty-five hundred years the instructions of this great Teacher were oral. He spoke through dreams and visions of the night; He communicated to men by a voice from heaven or by the intervention of angels; He made Himself known by signs and wonders and mighty deeds to souls that were feeling after Him and desirous of coming even to His place. At the close of this period, He gave to the chosen people, as a sort of handbook, or "large primer," His Law, illustrated by types and shadows, rites and ceremonies, bringing the truth down to the meanest under-

standings. It was instruction in the primary department, a kind of leverage designed to elevate the base of society and prepare the way for higher instruction. After ages of training under the law, illuminated by the utterances of the prophets, the Lord enlarged the class by opening the school to the nations, and delivered to them an advanced text-book, in the shape of the new covenant, to be used until graduation day. The majestic truths contained in it were simplified. In the parables and sayings of our Lord the stream of truth ran so calm and clear that the pebbles stood out in the deep bottom. The deep things of God came, as it were, to the surface, and within the reach of the dullest understanding. The kingdom of heaven descended to earth and men once more walked and talked with God.

Thus it is seen that revelation was not a fixture, a certain positive quantity, a dead sea into which the streams of truth flowed to remain calm and stagnant; revelation is rather a progress, an onward and constant movement, a going forth of the quadrifurcate river of Paradise to water and refresh the whole earth. Small at first, the stream swelled, as it moved on and parted, into great rivers, overflowing their banks and flooding the contiguous lands.

With the gradual unfolding of the truths of revelation, came the improvement in the receptive capacity of man, the sharpening of the intellect, the quickening of the moral sense, the opening and responsive movement of the heart to the divine communications. There was a reaching forth towards God as well as the proffer of help from Him. The increasing light from above would be useless without a corresponding improvement of the visual organ to appreciate and appropriate its advantages. But the melioration of the interpretative faculty was secured by the advance of revealed truth; the sense of spiritual sight was rendered more quick and acute by exercise in the clearer light, streaming down from the throne of God, through all the earlier ages of the world.

The progress of revelation is seen as well in special as in general lines of movement. The special prepares the way for the general, the outward for the inward, the sign and symbol for the reality, the law for the Gospel. "God's method of revelation, like the course of human education, begins, of necessity, with outward regulations and provisions for the day; it proceeds by the lessons of tutors and governors, and ends with the freedom and love of the new heart." Thus God's method in revealing truth is like the mother's. The object-lesson comes first, fixing attention and awakening a spirit of inquiry in the child's mind; then the meaning lying behind the object. The sign prepares the way for what is real and essential. The rites and ceremonies of earlier services were hieroglyphics from which were slowly spelled out the deeper mysteries of the Gospel with its full expression in Jesus Christ.

The true and exalted character of the divine Being came gradually to be realized by the Hebrew people, and through them by other nations. The names of God given in the Bible are the tide-marks of this rising knowledge and appreciation. Known first as Lord, then as the Almighty, the receptacle of power, He is at length made known as Jehovah, the self-revealing and covenant-making God, the God of Israel. The title of Holy One marks a higher ascent and a nobler conception of the Divine character; He is not only the centre of power, but also of purity. In the age of the Kings He appears as the Lord of Hosts, indicating guidance, the providential leadership in the movement of armies, the lines of which are more distinctly drawn by the pens of prophets and psalmists. In naming Him as Father, the inspiration of the Old Testament attained its highest altitude. He comes to us with the endearments connected with home. He is the head of the household in whom not only authority, but affection, centres. There was but one other name. It was the name above every name, the name of Son.

To trace the stream of redemption, as it rises in the Garden and flows on across the ages, with an ever-broadening current, gives us the same idea of advance in revelation. The spring-bede, the rill; then the stream swells to the great river. The promise in Eden was general and obscure. The seed of the woman was to conquer. The line, the particular character of the conqueror, were not indicated. The call of Abraham narrowed the line to a single nation. Later revelations limited the field of promise, first to the tribe of Judah, then to the house of David, whose greater descendant was to embody the fulness of truth and grace for mankind.

The progress of revelation may, in the same manner, be traced in connection with the various other truths revealed in the Bible. No one of them was complete at first. The seed principle passed through a process of development — the blade, the ear, the full corn, at length, in the ear.

LIFE'S FOREST TREES.

The day grows brief; the afternoon is slanting down to the west; there is no time to waste. If you have any seed of good for planting, You must, you must make haste.

Not as of old you enjoy earth's pleasures
(The only joys that last are those we give);
Across the grave you cannot take gains, treasures,
But good and kind deeds live.

I would not wait for any great achievement,
You may not live to reach that far-off goal.
Speak soothing words to some heart in bereavement,
Add some up-struggling soul.

Teach some weak life to strive for independence,
Reach out a hand to some one in sore need.
Though it seem idle, yet in their despondency
May blossom this chance seed.

On each life-path, like costly flowers faded
And cast away, are pleasures that are dead.
Good deeds, like trees, whereunder, fed and shaded,
Souls yet unborn may tread.

— ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *independent*.

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1889.

[Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second class matter.]

On the first page of this first issue for September will be found an able, timely and practical presentation of "The Social Problem," by Rev. Wm. C. Bull, D. D., of Watford, Pa., a presbyter in the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which our readers should give thoughtful heed.

"Summer for the Girls, and Girls for the Summer," by Mary Lowe Dickinson, is a forceful and charming paper—a mental and spiritual tonic for the girl readers of the HERALD, who will do well to "ponder her words in their hearts," and then put her precepts into practice.

Rev. Dr. David Sherman traces "The Gradualness of Revelation," in an article of special beauty of thought and diction.

"The Lecture Platform," by Rev. Howard Henderson, D. D., on page 2, is decidedly lively and apposite reading at the present time, when the lecture season is so near at hand.

By request we print "De Grand Reespahan Poin," presented to Bishop Gilbert Haven by the author, Rev. E. S. Stanley, in 1879—a significant and amusing dialect poem, with which the Bishop was much pleased.

"A Sabbath Quadrilateral" describes in an entertaining manner four Sundays passed in as many places forming the points of an imaginary quadrangle, during Rev. W. P. Stoddard's recent trip abroad.

"Chautauque Chimes" are rung with a practiced hand by Miss Alice M. House, of Cincinnati; and "An August Church-goer," of Dover, N. H., expresses his candid opinion about "Ministerial Vacations," and suggests a new plan for these summer emergencies.

Dr. R. W. Allen, on page 3, gives interesting glimpses of "Olden Time," he having lately visited the home of his childhood in Connecticut.

On page 6 the usual amount of original and selected reading for the family circle appears. Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever advocates "System in Giving" to the poor, so that what is given may be dispensed judiciously.

"The Bear on Fox Mountain," by Rev. Edward A. Rand, might have proved a most formidable enemy had not "Fannie Samuel" destroyed it in season.

"Dora's Gift"—a selected story—should be cultivated by all other girls who "covet earnestly the best gifts."

ZION'S HERALD FOR 1890.

Preliminary Announcement.

We are early in the field—because we cannot help it. There are so many homes as yet unvisited and unblest by ZION'S HERALD; we have made such excellent provision for the spiritual and mental upbuilding of every class of mind in the broad field which we aspire to enter; and our preachers will have so much to do in calling personal attention to the richness and helpfulness of our weekly visits and the offer of a free three months' subscription to new subscribers, that we feel compelled to begin our September issues with a preliminary statement.

ZION'S HERALD does not believe in standing still. The highest goal is not too high for its ambition. Many of our readers have kindly informed us that during the past year the standard of our contributions has steadily improved, that the scope has broadened, that current political, social and educational questions, as well as religious, have received careful and able treatment in our columns. But we are not satisfied—"Not as though we had already attained, indeed we were already perfect; but we . . . press towards the mark." There is a position yet to be occupied by religious journalism which the HERALD is determined to reach, and we believe our readers sympathize with our efforts to make the paper the broadest, fullest, most forceful, most interesting, of all our Methodist weeklies.

Our present list of contributors has no equal, we believe, in any paper of our denomination. To this list we are continually adding new names of recognized influence and ability. We will mention some of them, both old and new: First of all, the following Bishops:—

Bishop J. F. Hurst.
Bishop H. Vincent.
Bishop W. X. Nind.
Bishop W. F. Mallieus.
Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald.
Bishop D. A. Goodsell.

We have captured the missionary staff of our church entire, as the following names will show:—

Chaplain C. C. McCabe.
Rev. J. O. Peck, D. D.
Rev. A. B. Leonard, D. D.
Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D.

Below is a list of the educational leaders who will be represented:—

President Warren (Boston University).
President Bartlett (Dartmouth).
President Small (Colby).
Chancellor Sims (Syracuse).
President Raymond (Wesleyan).
President Wheeler (Allegheny).
President Bashford (Ohio Wesleyan).
Prof. Bentz (Wesleyan).
Dean Huntington (Boston).
Prof. Little (Syracuse).
Prof. Winchester (Wesleyan).
Prof. Mitchell (Boston).
Principal Bancroft (Phillips Academy).
Principal Steele (Wilbraham).
Principal Bragdon (Lassell).
Dean Thirkield (Gannon).
President Haygood.
Principal D. C. Knowles (Tilton).
President Gallagher (Lawrence).

The pens of some of the ablest women in the various departments of reform and of literature will enrich our columns, notably the following:—

Frances E. Willard.
Mary Lowe Dickinson.
Kate Sanborn.
Alice Stone Blackwell.
Mary Stevens Robinson.
Lucy Rider Meyer.
Belle V. Chisholm.
Harriet A. Cheever.
Sarah Brierley Scarborough.
Kate Sumner Gates.
Mrs. S. L. Baldwin.

Not to enumerate occasional correspondents, our regular staff will con-

tinue to write—"MANHATTAN" for New York; "S. J. H." for Chicago; "N. B." for Baltimore; "SHAWMUT" for Boston; "CHETENNE" for the Rocky Mountain region; "WESTMINSTER" for matters and things abroad; Dr. E. S. STANLEY for Italy; Dr. E. W. PARKER for India; Dr. C. S. LONG for Japan; and

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster for Washington.

The miscellaneous list is a full one. We can call from it but a few representative names, principally those of acknowledged influence in other denominations:—

REV. REUBEN THOMAS, D. D., pastor of Harvard Church (Cong.), Brookline, Mass.; REV. O. P. GIFFORD, pastor of Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston; REV. EDWARD A. RAND, of Watertown, Mass.; REV. J. L. R. TRASK (Cong.), of Springfield, Mass.; REV. EMORY J. HAYNES, D. D., pastor of Tremont Temple Church, Boston; MR. JAMES BUCKHAM, Burlington, Vt.; REV. WM. C. BULL, D. D., Watford, Pa.

HON. NEAL DOW has promised an occasional contribution.

MR. EDWARD BELAMY, author of "Looking Backward," will write concerning the new movement which his remarkable book has stimulated.

The catalogue of our Methodist writers, in addition to the names given above, is too great for enumeration, but we mention the following:—

Dr. J. W. Mendenhall,
Dr. Frank Bristol,
Dr. J. R. Day,
Chaplain Louis A. Beaudry,
Dr. Howard Henderson,
Dr. George Lansing Taylor,
Dr. Mark Trafton,
Dr. Joseph Pultman,
Dr. W. S. Studley,
Dr. P. P. Torrey,
Rev. John Alfred Faulkner.

We have been promised selections from the unpublished letters and MSS. of that brilliant and talented genius, REV. FALES H. NEWHALL, D. D.

The above lists are by no means complete. They include names, however, pledged to our columns, and from these as samples our readers will know how rich a feast awaits them.

ZION'S HERALD will not be simply a magazine-paper—a paper of contributions. Every useful feature in modern journalism will be incorporated. The editorial treatment of current topics and vital themes will be as strong and broad and fearless as the corps is able to make it. Every leading reform of the day will receive attention and championship in these columns. Specially impressed with the urgency of the mission of our denomination in the South, the editor intends at an early date to visit our educational institutions in that land, and to put our readers in possession of information secured in closest touch with the work. Constitutional Prohibition, the Woman question in all its forms, the interests of the young people, the new Deaconess movement, and all similar problems affecting the prosperity of the church, Sunday-school lessons and economy, with whatever tends to conserve and beautify social and domestic life, will be freshly and interestingly cared for. It will be the aim of ZION'S HERALD not merely to keep pace with current events, but to lead; not merely to cooperate, but to inspire.

Let all remember that ZION'S HERALD is not a money-making institution for those who manage it. The Boston Wesleyan Association generously and gratuitously contributes the use of the Building and the money which carries it on. Its earnings are sacredly applied to the cause of the disabled and veteran ministers of our patronizing Conferences. There is not a dependent supernumerary preacher in our New England churches, nor a widow or orphan in our itinerant ranks, who was not made happier and more comfortable by the dividends earned by this paper last year and the year before. The more earnest and successful our preachers are in increasing our subscription list, the larger will be the next dividend, and the happier will be its recipients.

THE MISSIONARY WEEK.

The Massachusetts missionary week is awakening wide-spread interest, not only within the State, but beyond. It is a unique movement in that it contemplates a union of the chief evangelical denominations—the Methodists, the Congregationalists, and the Baptists—in promoting the missionary spirit and extending missionary information. It is an application, with modifications, of the simultaneous meeting plan so successfully carried through by the Church Missionary Society in England three years ago, and by the Presbyterian Synod of New Jersey two years ago. It is very similar in its general features to the system of missionary deputations which have done so much among our Wesleyan brethren of Great Britain and Canada to make their zeal and contributions phenomenal. It is in every way thoroughly deserving of a faithful trial. If it shall prove to be satisfactory in accomplishing the end sought, a forward step of no small magnitude will have been taken toward solving the problem of how to arouse an adequate enthusiasm for carrying out our risen Lord's last command.

Hence upon the New England Conference Missionary Society just now rests a very considerable responsibility. It has done nobly in entering with much courage upon this extensive undertaking. It has set an example

which, we trust, will be widely copied. But whether or not it shall be, will depend somewhat on the success that attends this effort. Let that success be decided and unequivocal, and the experiment will be repeated on every side. To this end, then, it is of great importance that the ministry and membership heartily co-operate. Let the speakers who have been selected, and who will during the designated week be traversing the State in all directions, do their very best to magnify their office and electrify their audiences. Let the pastors of the churches leave no stone unturned on their part to get the people out and to give them something which will pay them for coming. Let all the people feel that it is no common occasion, but one which should receive at their hands very special attention. By this means the great cause of the salvation of the world—the preaching of the Gospel among all nations—will receive an impetus resulting in more candidates for the missionary calling, more money for the missionary treasury, and more souls for the kingdom of heaven.

DO NOT MURMUR.

Why should we grumble about God's allotments in this life? He has told us in His Holy Word that this is but a transitory and preparatory stage of existence. If it were permanent and fixed, there might indeed seem to be some injustice in the apportionment of wealth and poverty, happiness and unhappiness, health and sickness. But the world and the things thereof pass away. At the longest, life is but a brief span. All experience is disciplinary; and since there is enough sunlight on every human pathway to guide the soul to heaven, what more ought we or need we ask?

CHRIST AND WOMANHOOD.

We find something almost reverential in the way our Saviour, while on earth, bore Himself toward woman-kind. All the affection and respect and tenderness of the individual man for the individual woman seem to be gathered up and intensified in Christ's pure and perfect love for the weaker sex. How sympathetic, how gentle, how pitiful, He was to every woman—to the poor, condemned outcasts and harlots, as well as to the Marthas and Marys.

Mark his treatment of the "woman which was a sinner"—she who bathed His feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head, as He sat at meat in the Pharisee's house. Here was one who had descended to the lowest moral depths possible to her sex. She had no friend, no advocate. She herself could make no excuse for her sin. Utterly helpless, vile, wretched and forsaken, she crept in where Christ was sitting at meat with the rich, honored and self-righteous Pharisee. What presumption! What temerity! It seemed like the most brazen-faced act that one of her shameless class could commit. There she crouches, weeping, "behind Him"—not yet daring to come forward where the Master can see her. In her hand she carries an alabaster box of ointment, very costly and fragrant. Picture the scene. Jesus is reclining at the table, with His face toward His host. As yet He does not see the kneeling, weeping woman. Presently she creeps forward and begins to wash the feet of the divine Guest with her tears, and wipe them with her long, flowing hair. Now she reverently and gratefully presses her lips to Christ's feet and anoints them with the sweet-smelling oil. The Pharisee, undoubtedly, looked on with a curious self-satisfaction; for we may imagine him saying to himself: "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known what manner of woman this is which toucheth him; for she is a sinner."

But Jesus Christ knows the heart of woman better than Simon the Pharisee. He answers the self-righteous man's shallow implied logic and shallow morality by preaching to him a wonderfully apt and perfect parable, and then turns to the poor trembling suppliant at His feet and pronounces those blessed words: "Thy sins are forgiven." That is all; but how much! Christ recognizes the penitence of this sin-burdened soul; He forgives and washes away all that is amiss in her past life. He sets her at peace with God and the conscience that has been striving within her. And mark His infinite kindness and gentleness—not an accusing look, not a reproving word. Even in this harlot's low estate Christ shows His respect for her latent womanhood. He will not speak otherwise than tenderly to a woman. Not that He is blind to the enormity of the transgression in this case; not that He does not feel, or wish her to feel, the disgrace and opprobrium which this woman's conduct has brought upon her sex; but He recognizes the latent sweetness of character, the true womanliness shining out in that little act of loving adoration, of beautiful devotion, which she has just performed, and He says, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."

It is a beautiful quality in a man to be tender and reverent toward woman. The more we know of woman—the physical sufferings inevitable to her, her limitations, her peculiar trials and temptations, her natural dependence—the more our hearts go out in love and sympathy and fealty and all gentleness and deference to the weaker sex. The man who can be unkind or ungentle

to a woman is not fit to draw our common breath. The very word "mother" should be enough to make every man "a parfit gentil knight."

So we can enter into the human experience and feeling of Christ in all His dealing with womanhood while on earth. Here as in every other particular of His life, He was the perfect man. Never lived so true a gentleman as Jesus Christ, never so dutiful and tender a son, never so pure and helpful a friend.

OUR YOUNGER MINISTRY.

Bacon said if he would know what England would be fifty years hence, he would gaze the moral and intellectual average of her youth. The test would have revealed unerringly the future of the English Isle. The youth is the man in miniature.

Applying Bacon's test to our Methodism, we shall be greatly assured and comforted. The prophecy of the real future of our denomination is now beheld in the young men who are coming to our pulpits. In a significant sense, in our church, it may be said, "Like priest, like people." In our younger ministry, therefore, we may observe the Methodism that is to be. There is here basis for a most hopeful and optimistic anticipation for the denomination. John, the beloved disciple, declares, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong." This last word most fittingly characterizes our younger ministry. They are very largely, in native ability, young men of promise. They have chosen the ministry from unselfish and noble motives. They are "strong" in adaptation to the needs of the age.

1. There is necessary intellectual furnishing. Methodism has to-day in fitting school, seminary and university the best for the training and development of our ministry. The pressure upon the majority of our young men to come to the pulpit through such preparation is becoming general and emphatic. Our denomination is now doing, therefore, all that any have ever done in sending the ministry to the pulpit fully equipped to grapple with the intellectual problems of the hour.

2. There is notable moral earnestness. The question which has been so often and anxiously asked, "Will not intellectual culture chill the moral earnestness which the Methodist minister has been so distinguished?" has been and is being answered in an impressive negative. Our fathers in the ministry were men whose holy purpose was always at white heat. A tremendous earnestness, so real as to be disturbing, always possessed them. Now it is gratefully noticeable that while our young men have come to the pulpit from such changed environment and preparation, they, too, are possessed by a like zeal. To "seek and to save" lost men, is the motive that inflames and consumes them. They have not been educated into artificiality and away from the people. They are as much at home in direct revival effort as the fathers. These facts are penned with special gratitude.

3. Peculiar adaptation to modern necessities. The most encouraging quality noticed in our younger ministry is the peculiar adaptation to the problems of the hour. The difference between the immediate past and present is so very great that but few properly realize it. The burden of the preaching of our fathers was very largely doctrinal—to extinguish the heritage of bald Calvinism that had been transported to this virgin soil. Intellectually, heroically, and successfully did they do their work, until the heaven of the Gospel of the New Testament pervades all denominations that have a right to bear the name of Christian. This battle is of the past, and does not need to be fought over again. We have passed the era for stress upon dogmatic or theoretical Christianity. The urgent demand in this age is for a better application of the reformatory and remedial principle of Christianity to every problem and phase of life and society. It is the immediate business of our religion, to-day, to right practically all wrongs. We are to save not only the individual, but society. The principles of the Christ-man are to be made operative in the organization and control of society. Christian tenet and Christian practice are no longer to be severed. Faith must be incarnated into life, and the swelling volume of Christian living must dominate society.

In these very practical lines of the application of Christianity to life, our younger ministry appear at their best. It is a characteristic development, which should awaken sincere gratitude and hope throughout the denomination.

The future of our Methodism is, therefore, assured, and with good hope of larger usefulness and greater growth.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Grand Army. The annual meeting of these veterans arrests national attention, as the event deserves. In the aggregate the gathering seems an immense body, but the ranks are thinning rapidly each year. Perhaps this is most strikingly seen in the fact that General Sherman, of all the most distinguished generals of the war, is now alone left. General Logan was a favorite at these encampments. The presence of Mrs. Logan, so much beloved by the veterans, tenderly brings to thought her brave and noble husband. New England was happily represented. A canvass by States

shows that 86 delegates from New England were present, divided as follows: Maine, 10; New Hampshire, 10; Vermont, 10; Massachusetts, 25; New York, 15; Connecticut, 13. The department was heralded by its headquarters flag, and the veterans from each State all wore distinctive badges. The Massachusetts men had handsome red and gold badges and also displayed unique insignia in the shape of miniature bronze bean-pots. The Vermonters wore a bronze fac-simile of the State coat-of-arms, with evergreen sprigs entwined; and the Rhode Islanders displayed a bronze seal shield. New Hampshire, Maine and Connecticut veterans were distinguished by beautiful and elaborately worked badges of various colors. Each New England State delegation was cheered as it passed the reviewing stand. When the Vermonters were passing the stand they halted and gave three cheers for Gen. Sherman, which act called forth much applause from the spectators.

These men have laid the nation under a debt of gratitude that can never be discharged. We are glad that they thus met in annual assembly. Milwaukee gave the "boys in blue" a generous welcome, and the city was given over to them for enjoyment and social reunion. They deserve it all, and much more. Let there be no stint of generous appreciation of these veterans while they are left to us.

It Is Coming.

The effect of less restraint upon the liquor traffic is seen. All forms of license mean largely increased sales. The person who will violate the prohibitory enactment will also more quickly violate the restrictions attached to a license law. Time only is needed to teach this. For this reason license is to become no less odious to the public than prohibition did. There will be this very great disadvantage, however. Under a prohibitory law, when the public conscience was awakened, there was at hand a leverage (equal to the emergency. Prohibition when enforced can be made effective in stopping the sale of liquor. Of course such an end can never be reached under a license law. The law is itself a sieve, and liquor will always run through it.

These are axioms, but in this case axioms must be proven by experiment. Here is a significant statement. The Fall River News says: "Whatever may be the degree of success that has attended the experiment of the restrictive high license system in other cities of this State, we are convinced by the facts that come to our notice that it is a dead failure in Fall River. . . . It is not a success, but a most scandalous and disgusting failure, in comparison with which unrestricted liquor-selling would be decency itself. Talk of enforcing the law against unlicensed rum-selling! Let our authorities first compel the holders of licenses to respect the conditions on which they are granted." We expect to live long enough to see even the Transcript pleading piteously for the reenactment of the prohibitory law.

At Northport Camp-ground.

We never decline an invitation in summer into the State of Maine, if other duties will permit an acceptance. Hence, when Rev. George D. Lindsay, who was to have charge of the camp-meeting, commenced us with a request to be present during the services, we responded most promptly in the affirmative. There is but one way for us to reach this State when it is possible to go by water. The Boston and Bangor steamer leaves Foster's Wharf at 5 p. m., and in elegant and most comfortable accommodations bears you to Rockland, Bangor, Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert and intermediate points. We were privileged to pass on the comparatively new steamer, the "Penobscot." This boat reminds one of the Fall River Line of steamers, and seems a substantial, steady and nearly as luxurious. Skirting the coast of Maine and passing up the broad and mighty Penobscot River, the scenery is enchanting. From Boston to Bangor is a distance of 240 miles, and sixty of it is upon the river. Northport is situated at the mouth of the Penobscot, and is a beautiful and wooded elevation with a pleasant beach and delightful cove. It has become the habitation of many people in summer who live there in their country cottages. It is a place of very recent date, also, for those who desire a boat ride and an outing for a day.

The camp-meeting began Aug. 26. An experiment was tried this year on the line of some Chautauque work along with and between the preaching services. This has proved a marked success. Rev. W. F. Berry has delivered daily a series of normal lectures on Bible study, and Rev. J. M. Frost on Sunday-school methods. These lectures have been eagerly received by an increasingly large audience. A demand indeed has found emphatic expression that a distinct Chautauque Assembly be held at Northport next year. The entire services of the camp-meeting have been unusually successful. That this is a favorite resort for Methodist ministers, is shown by the following notable list of those who were present: Revs. G. D. Lindsay, Pine Street Church, Bangor, F. C. Rogers, Grace Church, Bangor, A. A. Lewis, Brewer, D. H. Sawyer, Hampden, B. S. Arrey, Orrington, W. T. Jewell, Orrington, H. W. Norton, Winterville, W. H. Maffitt, Kingman, J. L. Hill, Orono, O. H. Fernald, Bangor, N. H. March, Bangor, G. B. Chadwick, Belfast, Geo. Palmer, Lincolnville, F. C. Whitman, Castine, W. Leonard, Brooksville, J. T. Moore, East Bangor, M. G. Prescott, Rockport, V. P. Wardwell, Camden, C. C. Cummings, Rockland, W. J. Kelly, Round Pond, W. W. Ogier, Bristol, G. E. Palmer, Augusta, N. T. Whitaker, D. C. Chestnut Street Church, Portland, J. M. Frost, Congress Street Church, Portland, W. F. Berry, Farmington, B. Dutton, presiding elder, District, South Carolina, I. H. White, presiding elder, District, District, H. R. Frohock, Bar Harbor, R. L. Van Dusen, Deer Isle, E. H. Boynton, Machias, H. Beale, Camden, Jos. Beale, Appleton, A. Church, Camden, E. M. Fowler, Seabrook, S. S. Gross, Bangor, W. H. Crawford, Pittsfield, N. B. Cook, Tolland, Conn., J. D. Payson, Union, N. H. Pearson, Harmony, C. C. Whidden, Easton, W. McDonald, Boston, Mass.

Labor Day.

We are in hearty sympathy with the celebration of this festival day. It marks a proper recognition of the wage-earner as a pivotal and indispensable factor in the social and economic fabric. It was fitting that America, and especially this old Commonwealth, should inaugurate such a day. The toiler is thus given the consideration in the public gaze that he has so long deserved. It is the beginning of much more on the same line that is sure to follow. It will teach the workman, also, proper respect, self-control and self-management. We are happy to note an improvement in the practice of the day over last year. The laborer seems to have grasped the thought this year that he is responsible for the reputation which he makes for his class in such observance. From personal observation there appeared much less of excess in drink than one year ago. It was wise legislation that closed the bars in hotels and the saloons upon such an occasion. In one hotel we saw this printed notice in the dining-room: "No wine or liquors sold in this hotel. The children have been for some time visiting Westfield friends. They will take along with them to Buenos Ayres Mr. Wood's mother, aged 82, who goes to live with her son."

We are indebted to the Springfield Republican for the following interesting facts:—

"Rev. Dr. T. B. Wood's three daughters, Elsie, Amy and Angie, will start to day for New York and sail to-morrow by the steamer 'Alliance' for their home at Buenos Ayres. The girls, with the exception of the eldest, were born in the Argentine Republic, but came North five years ago to be educated, and have spent most of the time at Wilbraham Academy. Their mother was with them two or three years at Wilbraham and Westfield, the latter the native place of Mrs. Wood, her father being the late Samuel Wood, and Wilbraham being the school in which she was a successful teacher before her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Wood went to the Argentine Republic in 1870, under the auspices of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions, and have remained there ever since, except for occasional visits home. The children have been for some time visiting Westfield friends. They will take along with them to Buenos Ayres Mr. Wood's mother, aged 82, who goes to live with her son."

every week, why not every day in the week? This is the logical sequence to all restrictive legislation. The same reasons that would restrict it all would entirely prohibit.

PERSONALS.

—Ex-Governor N. S. Berry of New Hampshire was 93 years old on Sunday.

—Professor Th. Christlieb, the distinguished theological writer, died at Bonn, Aug. 10.

—Rev. S. F. Jones, D. D., of Evanston, made us a genial call. He is always sure of a hearty welcome to New England.

—Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D., preached during the series of camp-meeting services at Nobleboro, Me., with much acceptance.

—Bishop Goodell was present at the camp-meeting at Laurel Park last week, preaching with great power and rendering other helpful services.

—Rev. J. W. Adams, 51 Crescent Avenue, Chelsea, can be secured for pulpits when needed, and we most cordially commend him to the attention of the churches.

—The *Healthen Woman's Friend* for September says: "Miss Cushman is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia. She was very ill, but is reported convalescent."

—Rev. George S. Chabourne, D. D., was called to Cincinnati as a member of the Book Committee to act in the election of a successor to Dr. Baylis, late editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*.

—Marshall L. Perrin, of Boston University, formerly officially appointed "Lector" in English to the Göttingen University, has just been promoted to the doctorate in philosophy by the Göttingen authorities.

—The *Methodist Review* has an excellent steel-engraving of Hon. Jacob Sleeper, and President Warren writes so appreciatively of this Christian abolitionist that we shall transfer the sketch to our columns in our next issue.

An editorial paragraph in the *Methodist Times* closes with the sentence: "Ladies, Mrs. Besant is already an unconscious Christian." That declaration raises the forcible inquiry: Are there "unconscious Christians?"

—Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., of Philadelphia, will hold evangelistic services at the Baptist Tabernacle in this city for three weeks, commencing Tuesday, Sept. 10. There will be services on week days at 3 and 7:30 p. m. (excepting Monday and Saturday), and at 10:30 and 7:30 on Sunday.

—Dr. J. W. Mendenhall, editor of the *Methodist Review*, is on a Western trip to visit a large number of Conferences in the interest of his bi-monthly. We are happy to note that the new and distinguished editor thus vigorously mixes works with his faith. He is largely increasing the subscription list.

—The *Christian World* thus characterizes Dr. Lyman Abbott:—

"In his successor they have one who is animated by the true Becher spirit of frankness and tender human sympathies, one who persists in thinking good things of God, and in refusing to believe that honest thought and true speech can harm religion."

—Rev. John L. Hillman, of the Central Ohio Conference, and a graduate of the Boston University School of Theology in the class of 1889, was married, August 27, to Miss Lizzie L. Howe, of Dennis, Mass., by Rev. W. A. Mansell. Brother Hillman has been pastor of the church at Dennis, and his faithful work there has been fully appreciated.

—During the past year investigations on the bacteria of milk have been carried on in the laboratory of the Storrs School Agricultural Experiment Station, Storrs, Conn., under the direction of H. W. Conn, professor of biology in Wesleyan University. In a pamphlet just issued, the results of Prof. Conn's studies are gathered up in a valuable paper.

—Luther, when studying, always had his dog at his feet. An ivory chair stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck around with caricatures of the pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued he would take his flute or guitar with him into the porch, and there execute some musical fantasy.

—The wife of Dr. Albert, editor of the *Southeastern Christian Advocate*, died Aug. 18, after a prolonged illness. "She literally sang, and prayed, and shouted herself away to everlasting bliss. She preached her own funeral, and with tearful eyes exhorted her unconverted visitors to give their hearts to God." We stretch the hand of silent sympathy across the distance to our esteemed confere in his consoling affliction.

—The last hymn and poetry written by Dr. Horatius Bonar is entitled "Erie's Old Song of Peace." In it these beautiful lines occur, as the prophecy of Christian unity and fellowship:—

"Round the old manger-cradle
We gather hand in hand;
Beneath one Cross we shelter;
Upon one Rock we stand;
One holy faith is knitting
The kindred West and East;
One Christ the blessed centre,
One table for our feast."

—Mr. E. P. Telford, the English evangelist, whose successful labors in this country two or three years ago made for him many friends, is soon to arrive in Boston to remain a year in the United States. He has been conducting meetings during the summer in London, where great congregations have assembled to hear him. He and his accomplished wife, who assists him in his meetings, will be the guests of Rev. J. W. Hamilton, D. D., in East Boston, for a little time after his arrival. All applications for his services can be addressed in Dr. Hamilton's care.

—It was our privilege when in Rome to meet most pleasantly Miss Emma M. Hall, of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, in her excellent work with the children. We were, therefore, much interested in reading her account in the last *Friend* of "A Children's Mission Band in Italy." The devotion of the children is very encouraging. She writes:—

"My little folks cannot get enough of praying. Before they go to breakfast, 'Signorina, may we come and have prayer?' and after morning worship they want a little prayer with me before they go to their lessons. They come and ask for another before dinner, when the lessons are done. And when they have a prayer with Signorina before they go to play, and then again before the hour of the sewing lesson; and then, after our evening worship, they want to come to me for a little quiet prayer before going to bed, and they all pray."

—We are indebted to the *Springfield Republican* for the following interesting facts:—

"Rev. Dr. T. B. Wood's three daughters, Elsie, Amy and Angie, will start to day for New York and sail to-morrow by the steamer 'Alliance' for their home at Buenos Ayres. The girls, with the exception of the eldest, were born in the Argentine Republic, but came North five years ago to be educated, and have spent most of the time at Wilbraham Academy. Their mother was with them two or three years at Wilbraham and Westfield, the latter the native place of Mrs. Wood, her father being the late Samuel Wood, and Wilbraham being the school in which she was a successful teacher before her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Wood went to the Argentine Republic in 1870, under the auspices of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions, and have remained there ever since, except for occasional visits home. The children have been for some time visiting Westfield friends. They will take along with them to Buenos Ayres Mr. Wood's mother, aged 82, who goes to live with her son."

—Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, in a lay sermon at Ocean Grove the other Sunday, began with this text: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" "How do you suppose I came to have that for my text?" he asked. "Well, very early this morning I mounted my horse and went to see a friend who was poor, aged, sick and black. I found him in a little cabin, and said: 'Tom, you are sick.' 'Yes, I am sick.' 'You are poor.' 'Yes, I am poor.' 'You are black.' 'Yes, I am black.' 'You are going to die?' 'Yes, I am going to die.' 'Have you any meat or bread in the house?' 'No, General, I have no meat nor bread, but the Lord will take care of me; He sent you here, I know He did, and although I am poor, hungry and dying, I am perfectly happy through my love of Jesus Christ.' Nothing could separate him from that."

—It is with unforgotten regret that we record the death of Horace W. Knowles, of Chicago. He was born at

The Family.

THE WAVING OF SUMMER.

BY LILLIAN GRAY.

We longed for her as for some precious thing,
So tired were we of wild winds blustering,
So weary of the snow, and ice, and frost,
Such craving for the grass beneath our feet!

She came! and swift upon the river's breast,
On hill and valley, plain and wooded crest,
There fell such beauty, that the whole earth seemed
Like the best fairy-land of which we dreamed.

O dear, delightful days, more slowly pass!
Such wealth of flowers adorns the fields of grass,
Such rapturous bird songs thrill through all the air,
Such glamour and such glory everywhere!

But all too soon each morning stily steals
Some bit of summer's beauty; close-shorn fields,
The ripening harvest, and the cricket's cry,
All tell us that the summer's passing by.

ICH DIEN.

The motto on the coat of arms of the Prince of Wales is
"Ich Dien," I serve; and most precisely motto.

O hands that with recurrent suns
Take up your load of care,
And see, as life's swift treadmill runs,
No guerdon hidden there,—

O face that o'er the daily task
Grows pale and weary,
And wears stern duty's iron mask,
Like wear and jointed mail,

Think'thought thy duties commonplace,
Thy mission void and tame,
Wouldst thou some higher circle grace
And bear a titled name,

Ah! brows that wear a kindly crown
With anxious lines are crossed,
And on the regal bed of down,
A weary frame is tossed.

The stars in their appointed ways,
Roll on through endless space;
We have the orbit of our days,
To span the earthly race.

'Tis constancy that wins the goal;
Here are left behind,
Inaction can but dwarf the soul,
And banish from its kind.

Who makes digression from his track,
Is like a shooting star,
Whose light declines in ruin black,
On the horizon's bar.

He who toils most for others' good,
A living sun shall glow,
And stars of lesser magnitude
Round him revolving go.

We cannot live unto ourselves,
And he who crowned will be,
Is he who unselfishly gives
For all humanity.

—ADELAIDE G. BENNETT, in *Golden Rule*.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Dost thou not know that God is wonderful
In His people, and placeth His peace in the
midst of no peace; that is, of all temptations?
As it is said, "Reign Thou in the midst of Thine
enemies." Not he, therefore, hath peace
whom none troubleth; this is the peace of the
world; but he whom all men and all things
trouble, yet who heareth all these things
quietly, with joy.—*Mrs. Charles.*

Death is a great mystery. There is only
one that is greater, that is, life. If one is
afraid to die, much more may he be afraid to
live. No one but Christ can take away the
fear of death; so, no one but He can give us
newness of life. It seems strange that one
just coming into young manhood should die,
that the shaft should be broken just as it is
starting up from the base. But if it were
given us to see the hour when to die, we
would find it had to be God. Whether it
comes early in life or after our work is done,
suddenly or after weary weeks of sickness,
how wise in God to keep it from us! If we
knew the hour that death was to come for us
or our loved ones, how changed the whole
world would be! We know not when our turn
may be to be summoned next, but we know
that if we are in Christ we shall triumph.—*Christian Inquirer.*

We see in our lot bright things and dark
things. The dark things are those which we
shall complain of unless we take thought to
be reasonable. The bright things include
those which we are too precious to allow the
thought of exchanging them. What shall we
do if we be wise and reasonable? How shall we
act on this lot of ours? My answer is, We
shall be careful to look mainly at the bright-
ness, at the bright things. If we do that, we
shall get a great supply of light by which we
can see our way in the world. It is very
strange that we who need a lamp for our feet
through all the wondrous, strange, complex
ways of life, nevertheless put away the
bright things which will shed light for us,
and look at the dark things. Once I
stood looking, rapt, at a marvelous piece of
sculpture, as it seemed to me, an old man,
who looked out wonderingly, with the simple
pathos of wonder, into a great distance,
which seemed to have become a distance and
marvel to him while he was asleep—familiar
and close at hand before. There was to my
mind an exquisite tenderness, patience,
pathos, and wonder in the old face, in the
raised hand, in all his attitude, once so
feeble and yet so strong. And, as I stood
admiring it, a friend at my side said, having
been speechless all the time before, "Don't
you think that face-arms is a little too long?"
I confess my heart sank within me a little;
for I would not have had my own attention
directed to bad, when good was by me so
beautifully. If we have a gem of gleaming
luster, shall we fill our eyes with flaws in it?
If there are dear faces in which souls shine,
in which life's central mysteries send waves
of feeling back and forth twist the heart and
the margins, the mouth, the eyes, who will
stop before such beauty to pick out a mole in
the features? Even so, it is wise to look at
our fortunes, holding our eyes on the inesti-
mable things which no one could buy from us
with all the wealth of the world; for thus we
shall keep at peace with all things among
which are such precious things.—*Rev. J. Vida Blake.*

Within this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtle fragrance;
Wouldst thou its secret strength unfold?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find
Sweet as Arabian's spicy wind.

In this dust, so poor and bare
Of shape and lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare.
But first must skillful hands essay,
With file and flint, to clear away
The film which hides its fire from day.

This leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtle fragrance;
Wouldst thou its secret strength unfold?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find
Sweet as Arabian's spicy wind.

Stranded Christians is the thought sug-
gested. Not a wrecked boat—only a stranded
one. Not wrecked lives, wrecked characters,
wrecked faith and hope—simply stranded.
They have got out of their proper element;
they are not in the current; they are high and
dry on the rocks, or the sands; they are not
doing anything; their religion is of the least
possible use to themselves or to the world.
They are just stranded; you have told their
whole story in that single word.

There would seem to be no good reason for
it. They are needed by the church and the
cause. They are as well able to serve as they
ever were. Their "eye is not dimmed,"
neither is their "natural force abated." The

infirmities of age furnish no excuse for them.
Why are they stranded? How did they come to
be laid aside? Well, it would be difficult to
say; it all came about so naturally and gradu-
ally. There was no intention in it at the
first, but one thing led to another until the
present result was reached. They were negli-
gent in little things; careless about little
duties; they got out of the habit of secret
devotion, and allowed the closet of prayer to
become the place where the books and ac-
counts of the business were stored. Perhaps
they were detained at home by providential
circumstances for a long time, and then when
they went back to the Lord's house they did
not receive as hearty a welcome as they had
expected. Perhaps they had some plan which
they could not carry out, some "axe to grind,"
and nobody was willing to turn the grind-
stone; and so they came to the conclusion that
they were "not appreciated." Perhaps they
didn't like the preaching, or the minister
didn't call often enough, or he didn't buy his
dry-goods and groceries at their store, or his
wife was proud and "stuck-up." On it, it is
very easy to get your boat out of the water! It
is not hard to strand a Christian who is
willing to be stranded.—*Rev. J. K. Wilson.*

SYSTEM IN GIVING.

BY HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

It seems strange that while men and women
will feel the necessity of observing a cer-
tain degree of system in nearly all kinds of
business transactions, and in matters of house-
hold and social interest, yet when it comes to
giving, it is done in a haphazard kind of way.
Involving no system or fixed habit whatever.
Charity and almsgiving are requirements of
the Scriptures, although no settled rules are
indicated as to amount or proportion except
as the tithe or tenth is repeatedly mentioned.
Much has been said of the inexpediency of
helping strangers who make an appeal at the
door or in the street, while we have heard
warnings from the pulpit against incautiously
assisting persons who may happen to tell a
pious story in the hope of enlisting the
sympathies of the tender-hearted. The
admission is a sad one; still, we must express
some fear, from what we have discovered of
human nature, that fallings in this direction
are rather on the reverse or withholding side,
than on that of too great liberality.

But in the face of this fear the fact remains
that a great proportion of Christian people
have decidedly charitable instincts, and so the
question of how best to give what there is to
give, becomes an important consideration.
Every one will admit the fact that it is no
charity to give food, clothing or money to a
person who is able, but too lazy, to earn these
things for himself. A writer in a recent
number of the *North American Review* tells of
a gentleman in France, "of means and wide
business connections," who "entered into an
understanding with various heads of business
houses, manufacturers and others, by which
they agreed to furnish three consecutive days'
employment, at four francs a day, to any man
who came to them with a letter from him.
In eight months' time he was accosted by
seven hundred and twenty-seven street beg-
gars. To each the offer of work was made. . .
The total result showed that, in Paris at
least, not more than two and one-half per
cent. of able-bodied men who ask for alms are
worthy of a moment's consideration."

There is but little doubt that a like experi-
ment in New York or Boston would show a
like result. We read some time ago an
admirably told short story entitled "The
Hundredth Man." Whether it was by the
same accomplished man who has recently
written a longer story with the same title, we
do not know, but a kind-hearted, generous old
philanthropist was constantly aiding every
beggar and tramp who appealed to him, until
it became a by-word among his friends that
after helping ninety-nine worthless fellows,
one worthy applicant might happen along.
And pretty soon he came—the hundredth
man—apparently as unworthy as the ones
who had preceded him, but he saved from fire
and destruction the property of his benefactor
at nearly the cost of his own life. But
whether it was polite or wise to aid ninety-
nine worthless beggars in the hope of assist-
ing one worthy man, is a question evincing
neither worldly wisdom nor Christian pru-
dence. A lady well known for her large heart
and correspondingly large charities among the
worthy poor, once said to a generously
inclined young lady, "Never give food or
money to any chance beggar who appeals to
you in the street or at your door, but inquire
where they live, and offer to call and see and
assist them at their homes." The advice
proved invaluable for years afterwards. When
the tattered supplicant would insist, "Oh, no,
I wouldn't have a lady like yourself visit my
miserable place," the lady was inflexible; but
when she was bid to come and welcome, it
was often found a case of real need, and
those upon whom deeds of kindness and
charity could be judiciously bestowed. As
the poor are always with us, it is not a part
of a Christian's duty to have some fixed, systemat-
ic method for helping them, either by
personally seeking them out or through some
of the various local charitable organizations
always close at hand?

But just a hint right here as to the reflex
influence of going among the poor with
kindly aid and encouraging words. Remember,
there is nothing else that will make you
appreciate a comfortable home so thoroughly,
make you ashamed of useless reclinings more
speedily, make you more truly, humbly thank-
ful to God for all His superior benefits
towards your more favored self, than to visit
the sick, the poor, and the needy. Form
habits of doing good persistently and regu-
larly. Disburse what you have to give away
with an eye to prudence and sagacity; in
giving to the poor and lending to the Lord
show much of the care and forethought you
would in making an important investment on
your own account and for your own self-
interest.

ABOUT MEN.

A black polished granite memorial tablet has
just been placed over the door of the house in Bay-
reuth where Franz Liszt, the great German composer,
died. The inscription on it in gold letters is: "Franz
Liszt, died 1886."

Alexander Graham Bell is spending the sum-
mer on the Nova Scotia coast in a remarkable craft.
It is an immense catamaran on which is a cottage
containing double parlors, dining room, kitchen,
sleeping rooms, bath rooms, and kitchen, all arranged
with modern conveniences. The boat is driven by
two powerful screws, and can make twelve or fifteen
miles an hour in good water.

Mr. Gladstone is the "grand old man" in his
home as well as in English politics. He thus outlines
his domestic policy: "Whenever my wife insists, I
submit; whenever I insist, my wife submits. We

never discuss family affairs at the table, and if any-
thing unpleasant occurs during the evening, we never
refer to it till the next day."

Worth, the famous man dressmaker of Paris,
is a native-born Englishman of striking appearance,
looking like a Scotchman, and adding to the likeness
by wearing almost always a Scotch cap. His father
was made a printer of him, but he didn't like the
work and managed to get into the dry goods trade in
London. Thence he went to Paris, where he found
favor with the Empress Eugenie, and his fortune was
made. He has a fine chateau near Paris.

King Leopold of Belgium is not only the sworn
enemy of tobacco, but he is a vegetarian, dislikes
music, and is the embodiment of other eccentricities.
One of these is an aversion to wearing his hat in the
open air, as he believes the action of the wind on his
head is beneficial.

Lord Tennyson told Mr. Edmund Gosse, not
long ago, that he attributed his command of metrical
language mainly to the thorough acquaintance which
he enjoyed from early youth with the "Odes of
Horace." His father insisted upon his reciting on
successive mornings the whole of the four books of
the *Odes* without a break. "Horace was my master,"
said Lord Tennyson.—"Horace and Keats."

Robert Louis Stevenson was last heard from in
the Gilbert Islands in the South Seas. He is on
board his schooner "Equator," and has picked up
not only his health, but much good material for a
book. He announces his intention of visiting the
Bills group of islands, which have the attraction for
him that the natives are still addicted to cannibalism.

The thousands of admirers in this country of
the delightful novels by Eckmann-Charlton will be
sorry to learn that those two French authors, after a
separated partnership of forty-two years, have been
separated by a quarrel about money affairs and will
write no more together. This is particularly deplorable,
for their union was a singularly happy one in its
artistic results, and it is not likely that, after such a
long period of collaboration, either writer will
achieve such good work alone as in conjunction with
the other. Both authors are old men now, Eckmann
sixty-seven, and Charlton sixty-three.—*Ketcha-ga.*

Mr. Donald Cameron, of Glasgow, and Mr.
A. Bowman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, have accom-
plished the feat of walking around Europe. They
began their journey at Aberdeen nearly twelve
months ago, walking from there to Dover, where they
took the steam-ship to Calais, crossing the Chan-
nel. They took with them a knapsack each,
containing such articles as might be needed dur-
ing the journey, and stout walking sticks. From
Calais they proceeded along through Abbeville,
Dieppe and Havre to Brest, Nantes and Bordeaux,
thence through Oporto to Lisbon, Madrid and Barce-
lona. They then passed through Girona and Venice
to Trieste, and on through the German empire to
Graz, Moscow and St. Petersburg, returning from
the Russian capital via Riga and Danzig to Norway
and Sweden, going through Copenhagen, Stockholm
and Christiania to Bergen. Then, keeping near the
coast line, they returned, passing through Amster-
dam, Antwerp and Ostend, back to Calais, where
they took steamer for Dover and proceeded to Lon-
don. The two pedestrians were everywhere well re-
ceived, and appeared none the worse for their long
walk.

Our Girls.

DORA'S GIFT.

"YOU don't mean me to believe, Emily, that
all these tall girls are yours? One, two,
three, four—My! what a lot!"

"We pass for Mrs. Brown's boys and
girls," Uncle Phil. You see, we have to at-
tend to her business, and escort her around,
and do what there are no boys here to do."

"And what sort of business can you at-
tend to, I'd like to know?" asked Uncle Phil,
with all a man's scorn of a woman's business
head.

"Em is my man of business," said the gen-
tle, lady-like mother. "No, not the tallest;
that is Julia. She is our member of society;
she entertains our company, and is to the
family what a drawing-room is to a house."

"She is our decorative art society, too,"
added Emily. "She paints and embroiders,
and sings in the choir."

"They are just slandering me, Uncle
Phil!" cried Julia. "Look at my forefinger,
and you will see who is the seamstress of the
family."

"What is the matter with Daisy's fingers?"
asked the new relative, who, by the way, had
been abroad while these girls were growing up,
and had now come back to make a home
for himself.

"Oh! I'm the housekeeper, and I've just
been mending the paring knives. With-
out being particularly handsome, they were
delightful-looking girls. Erect, vigorous,
graceful, blooming, and full of fun, they gave
proof of being a well-raised, healthy, charming
set of daughters."

"Well, Sister Emily," he said presently,
"I'm not going to say what you will take
for them. I'll give a fair price for the lot."
"Kob-noors as thick as hall-stones
couldn't buy one of them," said the proud
mother.

"Foolish woman!" he cried in pretended
amazement. "Don't you know some trifling
fellows will come along, presently, and steal
one after the other away from you?"

"We haven't time to that bridge yet," an-
swered his sister, lightly dismissing the sub-
ject.

And then the girls seized the gentleman and
carried him off to their flower-garden and
chickens and pigeons.

"But you haven't said me what this small
woman is good for," said Uncle Phil, pinch-
ing the pink tip of Dora's ear.

"Good for nothing," answered the small
woman herself, rescuing the persecuted ear.
"Dora! What is Dora's forte? Why, I
don't know; but we couldn't do anything
without Dora!"

And the girls looked at their uncle as if
they feared he might be weak-minded, to ask
such a question.

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without Dora!"

"Ah, what a nice little breeze!" said Uncle
Phil, limping round to the gate; "which of
you knew that I had rheumatism this morn-
ing?"

"Dora always keeps a little pile of wood
and shavings hid away for mornings like
this," Julia said, leaving the window, and
coming to warm her cold nose by the cheerful
glow.

The mother entered with a cloud on her
usually placid brow.

"Bridget is sick, girls, not able to get out
of bed."

"How lucky that it rains!" cried Dora,
"no visitors, no going out; we can be busy
beside-day without molestation. Sit down,
and keep Uncle Phil from getting cross,
mother, while we go and scratch up a little
breakfast."

In a very short time a comfortable break-
fast was on the table, everybody chatting
pleasantly, and not a frown to be seen. It
was at this moment that Uncle Phil announced
his discovery that Dora was the most gifted
child in the family.

"Proof positive; I have made a bit of toast
without scorching the edges," said Dora, with
a mocking little bow.

"No," said Uncle Phil, gravely, in answer
to the questioning eyes fixed upon him all
around the table, "but Dora has that rare
treasure, the gift of pleasantness, of being
pleasant herself, and making other people
feel so, no matter what is going on. I am
sure that was the kind of woman the Apostle
Peter was thinking of when he said it didn't
matter about plaiting the hair, and putting on
gold ornaments, if a woman had that sweet,
bright, quiet, unselfish spirit that the Lord
thought so much of."

And then all the eyes fixed upon the
speaker stared suddenly with loving tears,
and everybody seemed trying to kiss blushing
Dora first.

"Yes," said the mother softly; "pleasant-
ness—that is just my Dora's gift."—ELIZA-
BETH P. ALLAN, in *S. S. Times*.

The Little Folks.

WHAT ONE BOY THINKS.

A stitch is always dropping in the everlasting knit-
ting.
And the needles that I've threaded, no, you
couldn't count to-day;
And I've buried for the glasses till I thought my
head was splitting.
When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks
they lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalms and
the Epistles,
When the other boys were burning tar-barrels
down the street;
And I've stayed and learned my verses when I
heard their willow whistles,
And I've stayed and said my chapter with fire in
both my feet.

And I've had to walk beside her when she went to
evening meeting,
When I wanted to be racing, to be kicking, to be
off;
And I've waited while she gave the folks a word
or two of greeting,
First on one foot and the other, and 'most stran-
gled with a cough.

"You can talk of young America," I say, "till you
are scarier,
It's Old America that has the inside of the
track!"

Then she raps me with her thimble and calls me a
young varlet,
And then she looks so woe begone I have to take
it back.

But! There always is a peppermint or a pony in
her pocket.
There never was a pocket that was half so big
and deep—
And she lets the candle in my room burn away
down to the socket,
While she stews and putters round about till I
am sound asleep.

There's always somebody at home when every one
is scattering;
She spreads the jam upon your bread in a way to
make you grow;
She always takes a fellow's side when every one is
battering;
And when I tear my jacket I know just where to
go!

And when I've been in swimming after father said
I shouldn't,
And mother has her slipper off according to the
rule,
It comes as sweet as silver, the voice that says,
"I wouldn't!"
The boy that won't go swimming such a day would
be a fool!

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she
gave a blessing,
And I look at her a moment and I keep still as a
mouse—
And who she is by this time there is no need of
guessing.
For she's nothing like a grandmother to have
about the house!

—HARRIET FRESCOTT SPOFFORD, in *Woman's
Journal*.

THE BEAR ON FOX MOUNTAIN.

BY REV. EDWARD A. HAND.

"THAT mountain called Fox Mountain?"
asked Charlie Lenox of his cousin,
Otis.

"Why, yes," replied Otis. "Ask Uncle
Samuel."

Uncle Samuel was the host entertaining these
two boys off on an outing.

"That mountain, what is it called? Sartlin!
It is Fox, and bears come down it sometimes,"
Charlie shivered, just a little.

"I should think," said Charlie, "it would
be Bear Mountain. Funny to have bears come
down a fox mountain."

"Mebbe, but it is Fox, and not Bear
Mountain."

The cousins went out of the farm-house
which crowned a little slope by the side of the
road.

"What is that barrel?" asked Otis.

"That one by the side of the door in the end
of the house? It is a bear barrel, and it is
real good. Uncle Sam hands me a mug every
day. He will give you some."

"I shan't take it. It is worse than any
bears on a mountain."

"Nonsense!"

"There is no telling what beer will lead to
and end in if the mischief gets a-going. As
for a bear, well, his mischief is soon over."

"Ahem!"

Who made that noise?

The boys looked up.

On the other side of an adjoining fence was
Uncle Samuel.

"Do you suppose he heard us?" asked
Charlie in a low tone.

"Don't know," replied Otis. The thought
in Otis' mind was that if his uncle had heard
him, then Uncle Samuel had a little temper-
ance lecture administered to him, and it
would do a lot of good if taken to heart.

That very day at supper Uncle Samuel
offered Otis a mug of beer which Otis declined.

"He takes it," said the uncle, pointing at
Charlie, "and he lives in as big a city as you
do."

Otis laughed.

"Sometimes, Uncle Samuel, the biggest
cities are the worst."

"Guess I'm as good as some other folks,"
murmured Charlie.

"You're a lot better than I am," cried Aunt
Cynthia good-naturedly. This provoked a
general laugh.

The supper was finished pleasantly. The
boys went out as the shadows deepened in the

valley, and watched the young moon curve its
silver bow above the tall mountains.

The conversation after a while went back to
that of bears and beer-drinking.

"Well, sir, I'm not afraid of a bear or of
beer," said Charlie. "If I should see a bear,
I know what to do. I'd run up hill! They
can't do so well going up hill."

"Guess you had better go down hill. Their
fore-legs are short, and they can't handle, or
paw themselves rather, so well going down
hill."

"I know! I know!" said Charlie confi-
dently.

They were sitting on the side of the little
hill that sloped gradually down from the
northern end of Uncle Samuel's house. Under
a green tree, cool and shady, was Uncle Sam-
uel's beer barrel, and only waiting there until
the hired man, off haying for the week in a
meadow two miles away, should come home
and assist in the transportation of the barrel
to the cellar.

"Hear the wind moan in those woods!"
said Otis.

"You mean the woods back of the house?"
said Charlie.

"I don't like them, Otis. Wind is all the time
growling in there."

"Charlie, I heard uncle say that he has seen
bears come along a path through those woods.
He used to trap for them."

"That wind sounds like one of them."

"They say a bear went through the pasture
down by the road, last week."

"Wonder how they look?"

"I don't know. I had rather know if they'd
harm you. I know this, though. Beer will
harm you," said Otis slyly. "All it needs is
to get one a-going."

"Get a-going!" said Charlie contemptu-
ously. "When it gets me to going, I'll stop."

The boys turned to go up to the door in the
north end of the house. Suddenly they heard
a noise, a rumbling and thumping. Otis ran
ahead to see what it was. Charlie stayed
where he was.

"What's that?" said Charlie nervously.
He could not see very distinctly. He could
only make out something black coming.

It was not a man.

"What's that?" said Charlie, "where is
Otis?"

Charlie's tongue seemed to be frozen up
and his legs seemed to have melted away!
His tongue thawed out and his legs stiffened.

"Help-p-p-p!" he shrieked.

Then he thought, "Must I go up or down?"
Up—no—down—no—up—down! I for-
got!"

Away he ran, though toward the foot of the
slope.

And that awful thing behind came rolling
after him!

Oh, what an awkward, clumsy, brutish
being is a bear,

The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON XI.

Sunday, September 15.

1 Samuel 24: 1-17.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

DAVID SPARING SAUL.

I. The Lesson Introduced.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good" (Rom. 12: 21).

2. DATE: About B. C. 1050.

3. PLACE: Gath, a rocky region west of the Dead Sea.

4. CONNECTION: David's seven years of exile at Nob; then among the Philistines at Gath; then in the cave of Adullam with a band of 400 followers; afterwards at Hareb, Keilah, Ziph, Maon and Engedi.

5. PARALLEL SCRIPTURE: Psalm 57.

HOME READINGS.

Monday. David sparing Saul, 1 Samuel 24: 1-5.

Tuesday. David sparing Saul, 1 Samuel 24: 6-17.

Wednesday. Repeated forbearance, 1 Samuel 26: 1-12.

Thursday. Joseph sparing his brethren, Genesis 45: 15-21.

Friday. Good for evil, 1 Peter 3: 8-17.

Saturday. Love to enemies, Matthew 5: 28-48.

Sunday. Forgiveness, Col. 3: 8-13.

II. The Lesson Story.

Saul's unrelenting pursuit of David had been interrupted by an incursion of the Philistines. Meantime the outlaw with his followers had found refuge among the caves and fastnesses of rocky Engedi, west of the Dead Sea.

His movements, however, were jealously watched, and as soon as the foreign campaign was over, the king was again on his track with a force of 3,000 men. Hidden in one of the deep caverns, the opening of which had been utilized for a sheepcote, David was surprised one day by the entrance of Saul himself, unattended and unsuspecting of danger, seeking a brief privacy. He was plainly in view of all in the cave, while they were concealed by the darkness. Never did an opportunity seem more providential, and never was a fugitive more urgently tempted to rid himself of his persecutor.

His followers, indeed, could scarcely be repressed from taking vengeance into their own hands. "But," says Goliath, "the magnanimity of the persecuted man was only equalled by the religious awe in which he held the person of 'the anointed of Jehovah,' and no inducement would tempt him to such treason." He was content with simply creeping up to the king and severing the skirt of his robe—an act, which, harmless as it was, disturbed the sensitive conscience of David for the moment. When Saul retired from the cave, David followed and cried after him, "My lord the king." Saul turned and saw David prostrating himself in homage. Then followed one of the most tender and pathetic appeals of which we have any record. Showing the severed skirt which he held in his hand, he reminded the king how completely his life had been in his power, and how his followers had urged him to use his opportunity, which he had refused to do. By this the king might judge for himself how guiltless he was of any desire to injure him. He intimated that he was the victim of slanderous reports. He expostulated with Saul upon his unreasonable and unjust treatment of himself, whom he humbly represented as being unworthy the attention of so mighty a king, as being utterly insignificant, like "a dead dog," or "a flea." He assured Saul, however, that the Lord would judge between them, and deliver him out of his hand.

Saul's better nature was touched by this appeal. His malice was melted, and the old impulsive feelings of love for David, his son-in-law, gained a transient ascendancy. He acknowledged, with tears, David's forbearance towards himself, and righteousness as contrasted with his own folly and wickedness. He informed him that he knew well that he was destined for the kingdom, and exalted him on an oath that he would not, when king, extirpate his (Saul's) posterity. The interview ended in apparent peace.

III. The Lesson Explained.

4. The men of David said—his followers, promising him to use his favorable opportunity. Saul had come into the cave alone, unattended, unsuspecting. He was completely in David's power, as he probably would never be again, and he was David's enemy, intent on taking his life. The day of which the Lord said—a perfectly natural construction, on the part of these counselors, of such predictions as 1 Sam. 15: 28; 16: 1-12. They supposed that the long waited-for moment had come, and providentially come.

By a slight spear-throw David could end his fugitive career and mount the throne. That they might do to him—R. V., "and thou shalt do to him." Out of the skirt of Saul's robe, David took the opportunity, and "golden threads" of Saul's cloak, which he had probably laid aside on entering the cave, and so that Saul himself did not know it. It was an instance of rare forbearance.

How apt are we to misunderstand (1), the promise of God. God had assured David that he would deliver him, and his men interpreted it as a warrant to destroy Saul; (2), the promises of God. Because it was now in his power to kill him, they concluded he ought lawfully to kill him (Henry).

6. David's heart smote him—David's conscience was so tender, his loyalty to Saul despite the latter's outrageous treatment of him so genuine, that he repeated even of the affront implied by the severing of a part of the robe. The Lord's anointed—and there he, though physically wicked, to be treated with reverence. David was justified in defending himself, but not in avenging himself. He had been promised the kingdom, but he had not been commanded to slay the reigning king. To do this would have been in his eyes a species of sacrilege.

The man who, a few years later, thought to please David by bringing him the news of Saul's death, and expected to gain a reward by declaring that his hand had slain him, found out to his cost that he had mistaken David's character (2 Sam. 1: 2-15) (Peabody).

The treachery of feeling, so frequent in the history of David, this spontaneous, unadvised truthfulness of expression and action,

only possible to the man whose heart is essentially right, falls refreshingly upon the sense. Like the crash of a stone to one who plods thrithly along the dry and dusty ways of life (Kittos).

7. David stayed his servants (R. V., "checked his men")—literally, "split them." David's forbearance must have seemed to them folly amounting to madness. Evidently David had no small task in restraining the violence of his followers.

David's troops consisted of malcontents; all that were in distress, in bitterness of soul, were gathered to him. Many, it never so much ordered, are hard to command; a few, if disorderly, more hard; many and disorderly must needs be so much the harder to command. The magnanimity which a victory like unto this, wherein he first overcame himself, then his soldiers (Bishop Hall).

8. David... cried after Saul—following him as he left the cave, and standing at the entrance. Such an exposure to his enemies was a daring act. "One hardly knew which to admire the more—the magnanimity that spared Saul in the cave, or the valor that braved him and his troops outside of it" (Peabody). My lord the king—loyal words these from a hunted, hated outlaw! Bowed himself (R. V., "did obeisance")—an act of genuine homage, showing that Saul's long-continued and deadly malice had not embittered David, nor weakened the respect which he felt was due to his sovereign.

David doubtless trusted in his own skill in climbing the crags of the wild goats to elude any pursuit should Saul's men pursue him, but he hoped that such a signal proof of his integrity as he was able to give would disarm Saul's resentment (Speaker's Commentary).

9-11. Wherefore hearest thou men's words?—David generously attributes Saul's hostility to the false charges against himself brought by his enemies at court; they were inflaming the king against him. Doubtless Saul's courtiers knew how to use their flattery to David's detriment, to say nothing of downright slanders like Doeg (22: 8-10) and Cush (Psa. 7), but the real motive of this bitter persecution of David was the king's jealousy. Thine eyes have seen—David's enemies had said to Saul: "David seeketh thy hurt." Saul himself could now realize the falsity of this charge. He reminded the king that his life had just now been providentially placed in peril, and that he had been urged to use his opportunity, but had spared him because he was "the Lord's anointed." He held up the piece of robe which he had severed, to convince Saul how imminent had been his danger, and how forbearing had been the man whose life he was hunting. My father—not simply words of respect such as were befitting a junior addressing a senior, but implying also that nearer relation which the speaker sustained; Saul was David's father-in-law.

Saul has a more tender, earnest, manly and candid appeal made by one man to another than that which David here addressed to Saul.

12-15. The Lord judge.—There could be no higher appeal. So sincere is David in the integrity of his course towards Saul that he invokes the Righteous Judge to decide between them. The Lord avenge me of thee.—The emphasis is on "Lord" rather than on "avenge." The Lord avenge me, if I must be avenged. Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked (R. V., "out of the wicked cometh wickedness").—The proverb as applied appears to mean: Were I wicked, as I am represented to be, I should do wickedly—attempt to avenge myself—but my hand shall not be lifted up against thee. After whom is the king of Israel come out?—a further argument to check Saul in his folly. How ridiculous and undignified that so mighty a king should head an army against such an insignificant foe! A dead dog, a flea—David selects the most harmless and contemptible objects as similes with which to compare his own power with that of Saul. The idea of a campaign against a flea!—a single one, at that, as the word implies, not easily caught, and not worth catching.

16. Saul said... my son David.—David's forbearance and appeal were irresistible. They pierced to the quick in Saul's proud heart. His bitter feelings melted under his son's generous warmth. Saul wept.—For the time he seemed to repent of his pursuit of David, but the feeling was a transient one. Subsequently David had to flee again, and spent sixteen months with the Philistines. Thou art more righteous than I—a confession extorted from him by the uprising of his better nature and his protest against his vindictive and unreasoning treatment of an innocent man. Saul further acknowledged to David that he knew he was destined for the throne, and made him swear that he would be lenient toward his family.

True repentance is a deeper thing than feeling, and is distinguished by permanence as well as sincerity. Saul says, "I have sinned," but we must not suppose, because he has said these words, that he has truly repented of his transgressions. Genuine and spurious repentance differ in the root out of which they spring. The spurious springs from fear, or from a desire to escape punishment; the genuine springs from the contemplation of God—and now of God more especially as He has revealed Himself to us in the person and work of Jesus Christ (Taylor).

IV. The Lesson Applied.

1. Wicked purposes often survive interruptions.

2. An evil tongue can do a great deal of mischief.

3. Providence is often misinterpreted. An unexpected opportunity to gratify some selfish propensity or inclination we are apt to piously attribute to Providence.

4. Under the deepest injuries we should not avenge ourselves, but "commit our cause to Him that judgeth righteously."

5. "The powers that be are ordained of God," and should be respected in their offices.

6. It is our duty to hinder the evil behavior of others, so far as we can.

7. "Slay enmity, not enemies."

8. One of the proudest of conquests is to "overcome evil with good."

9. Remorse is often mistaken for repentance.

V. The Lesson Illustrated.

1. ENEMIES CONQUERED.

It is recorded of a Chinese emperor that, on being apprized of his enemies having raised an army on one of the distant provinces, he said to one of his officers, "Come, follow me, and we will quickly destroy them." His march was forward, and the rebels submitted to his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "How!" cried the first minister, "in this manner in which you fulfill your promise? Your royal word was given that you would destroy them, and now you have pardoned them all, and even crowned some of them!" "I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies. I have fulfilled my word; for, see, they are enemies no longer; I have made friends of them" (Parker's Cyclopaedia).

2. DAVID'S DISCIPLINE.

David, in his wanderings, amidst his wild, reckless comrades, is essentially the same man as David in the sheepcote, or David fighting the Philistine. He had not chosen his own

circumstances, he had been thrown into them. He did not rebel against Saul. He did not deny his authority or plot against his life even when he had cast him off. He had no home, and he was compelled to seek one where he could. I do not know where a better home could have been provided for him than among those men in distress, in debt, in discontent. It behooved a ruler to know the heart of his subjects, their sorrows, their wrongs, their crimes, to know them to and sympathize with them, this was surely as precious a part of his schooling as the solitude of his boyhood, or as any intercourse he had with easy men who had never faced the misery of the world, and had never had a motive to quarrel with his laws. He was now among the lowest of those whom he would afterward have to govern, not hearing at a distance of their doings and sufferings, but partaking in them lovingly; realizing the infirmities which were disposition to evil. And here he was acquiring more real reverence for law and order, more understanding of their nature, than those who ever arrive at who have never known the need of them from the want of them. He was bringing his wild followers under a loving discipline and government which they had never experienced; he was teaching them to confess a law which no tyrant had created, no anarchy could set aside. He instructed them by his example to bow before female grace and gentleness, to reverence the person of an enemy, to treat a king as the Lord's anointed (F. D. Maurice).

SUMMER SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN, D. D.

To visit the localities of childhood and look upon the grounds where the sports and pastimes of early years were enjoyed, after sixty and more years are passed, is a privilege I have enjoyed for a few weeks. What memories of the past were called into exercise! What scenes and events filled the mind as if they were of yesterday! The loved ones long since departed seemed to me welcome back to the locality so precious from associations that can never die. It seemed that the past had returned; the years far, far away, with all their active life, were before me. But facts soon changed our thoughts so full of joyous emotion, and what seemed so real vanished. What changes had taken place! Indeed, everything had changed. The old farm-house, with its huge chimney, large fire-place and oven from which came precious things to satisfy our appetites, and those rooms once all alive with domestic work, where cares, sorrows, and much bliss were experienced by loved ones now at rest, all had disappeared. The soil remains much as of yore, and if it could speak, what tales it would tell of romps and frolics with brothers and sister—blithe, so, we thought.

Two objects of special interest remain. My father in my early boyhood set an elm in front of our house—the time I remember well—and now a large, stately, wide-spreading, beautifully-proportioned tree stands before me. I am amazed as I look upon it, and can but exclaim, "Can this gigantic tree have come from the sprout I saw my father place in the ground?" Little did he think that one of his sons, after seventy years, would look upon such a tree from the sprout he set. We little know what results will follow our acts.

The old apple orchard was one of my youthful attractions. How anxiously I watched the growing fruit, and what joy it gave when ripe! There was one tree of marked interest—the tree from which my mother obtained her apples for baking, which she thought possessed above all others excellences for that purpose. They were delicious when ready for the table. We doubt if the Golden Sweets and others of the improved kind are equal to them. What is remarkable, the tree still remains, shorn of some of its limbs, somewhat weather-beaten, but quite vigorous, laden with fruit. I can remember it seventy years ago, and then it was a large tree, with wide extended branches, and must have been fifty years old, and I believe, nearer seventy-five. From present appearances, it may yet live and bear fruit for many years. Does any one know of an older apple-tree?

The locality above noticed is in the town of East Windsor, Conn.—a town full of historic interest—in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. The town has been noted as the birthplace of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, and here many of the ancestors of Gen. Grant resided.

The general feeling and custom of the manufacture and use of ardent spirits may surprise some in this day of temperance reform. I remember when there were seven distilleries of rye gin in the town, and others near by in the adjoining towns, and a number of distilleries for the manufacture of brandy from elder. The spirit manufactured was kept in nearly every house, and used freely by all classes. Every farmer cultivated large orchards, from which large quantities of elder were made. In our school district, which was not large, three elder mills were required to make the elder, and were taxed to their utmost ability. Most of the elder was consumed in the town in vinegar, brandy, or its natural state. A neighbor of ours considered it indispensable to comfort and success in farm life to consume thirty barrels of elder and one barrel each of rye gin and elder brandy annually. One year when the apple crop failed and did not yield the thirty barrels, he went some distance for the usual supply. This was a Methodist family, where the circuit preachers were entertained with generous hospitality when they came into that neighborhood to preach. Ministers drank the ardent, and it was thought quite unbecomingly to offer them the social glass in their pastoral calls. One of the ministers of the town kept a daily diary for more than fifty years, recently published, and he recorded purchases of brandy and considerable quantities of elder, a part of which he bottled, so that it might be well preserved for use during the year. To work without the ardent was not thought of—it was regarded as necessary in the performance of household duties.

The people were generally church-goers—scarcely a family but attended church. Our parish was somewhat large in territory, and many families came five and six miles and were almost invariably present every Sunday. Most of the families rode in a two-horse wagon painted red, furnished with chairs to accommodate eight or ten if necessary. In the public Sunday services there were two sermons of about one hour in length, separated by an hour's intermission. The preaching, while it was regarded sound and orthodox and gave general satisfaction, was dry and dull; and to endure the two long hours with resignation during the winter season, in a house unwarmed, required some grace not always possessed. The minister displayed fair ability, was saintly in character, and deeply devoted to the best interests of the people. Most of the people were Congregationalists. There were a few Baptists and Methodists, but they had no church edifice, and were regarded as intruders, and met with a decided opposition in the pulpit and out. I could give some strange things that transpired in connection with this opposition, that would be a surprise to the people of this day. Politically there were two parties—Federalists and Democrats. The Federalists believed that the war with England of 1812 was wrong, and opposed it. The Democrats believed it was right and supported it. The feeling between the parties was exceedingly bitter and violent, far exceeding anything of the kind that now exists between political parties. The Congregationalists were generally Federalists, and their pulpits gave no uncertain sound on their political sentiments. The Congregational Church and the State were one, and remained such till later when the constitution of the State was changed. The Methodists generally were Democrats of the most pronounced type. While they aimed with remarkable force against the Calvinistic theology, they struck heavy blows against the Federal war policy. Rev. Timothy Merritt, who for ability and saintliness stood well-nigh peerless in our early ministry, preached a masterly sermon on, "Curse ye Meroz because he came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty," which was published, in which he took the Democratic side of the war. The Methodists were fearless in defending what they believed was right, and they triumphed, and are to-day one of the great religious forces of the State. But space will not allow me to extend these sketches further.

EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.

—Boston University has graduated 478 doctors of medicine, nearly one-half of whom are women.

—Ruskin has presented the Cork High School for Girls with a case of rare and costly minerals, stones, and gems, including five uncut Brazilian diamonds.

—Harvard College conferred an LL. D. on President Patton, of Princeton College, at her last Commencement, but by some oversight the fact was not made public at the time.

—Ex-President D. H. Wheeler, of Allegheny College, resumes executive authority until the successor to President Williams is chosen, which will be deferred at least to the close of the present college year.

—Education at last is possible to the colored race. Recently-published statistics show that there is in the United States 19,633 schools for colored children, and that 1,131,964 of these children attend such schools.

—E. N. Yelland, of Philadelphia, who has several times made gifts to Wilberforce University, for colored youths, has now transferred to the trustees of that institution 1,000 acres of mineral lands in eastern Kentucky.

—Professor Edward P. Crowell, of Amherst College, dean of the faculty and professor of Latin and literature, is totally blind. When he lost his eyesight four years ago, he tendered his resignation to the trustees, but they refused to accept it.

—North Dakota will be the first State in the Union to provide for a State system of manual training and industrial education. At Ellendale such a school is to be established, for which 44,000 acres of the school lands has been set aside by the constitution, which gives great satisfaction.

—Professor Richards, of Yale College, has made a study of the records of 2,425 students, in order to determine, if possible, the relations of athletics to scholarship. The general result is that the athletes fall slightly behind the non-athletes in scholarship, but not so much as to demand a suppression of such exercises.

—Colorado College has just added to its scientific department Dr. A. J. Carjri, who was a post-graduate student at Johns Hopkins University and professor of mathematics at the Tulane University at New Orleans. It has also added to its department of modern languages Miss Elizabeth W. Eaton, daughter of Dr. Horace Eaton and niece of Hon. John Eaton.

Jubilation.

Merry as to mislery, sometimes, in our endeavor to escape it. Presently we are confronted by disheartening accumulation; we know not where to turn and courage is almost gone. But a brief respite opens the way, at last, to a new interval, and then—Jubilation. Here are a few notes of it.

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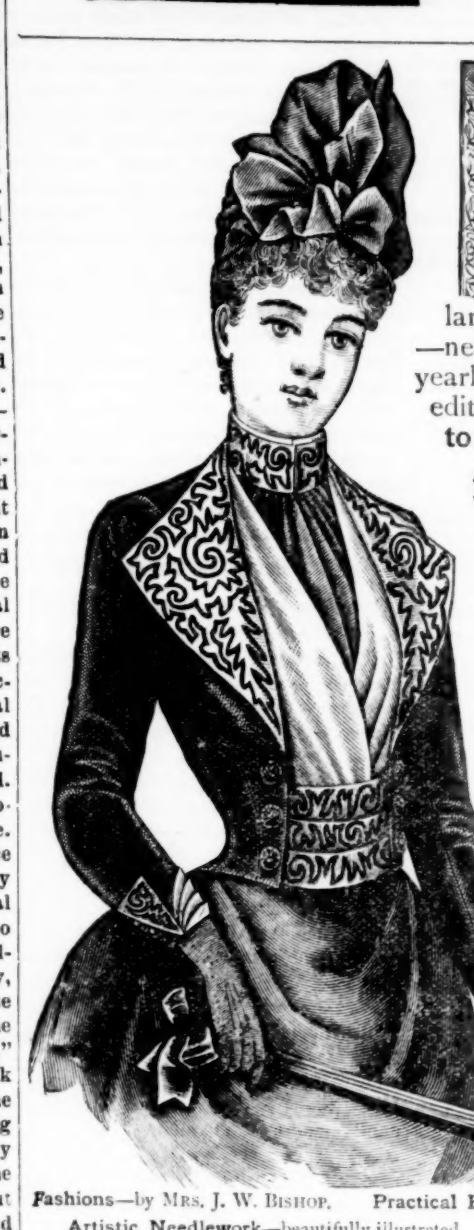
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Maud Howe is writing for us a story of social life that will prove a strong attraction. It is the story of a young American girl who goes to London and makes a great success. It is first of all a love story, but unfortunately, the heroine first falls in love with a man who is not free to marry her, but later finds a better and truer lover, to whom she finally gives her hand.

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ZION'S HERALD

For the Year 1890.

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A. S. WEED, Publisher,
36 Bromfield St., Boston.

Review of the Week.

Tuesday, August 27.

The names of Boulanger and Dillon have been stricken from the roll of the Legion of Honor.

A high wayman robbed a stage near Gogebic, Mich., fatally wounding one or two of the passengers.

Postmaster Corcoran has established five receiving stations for newspapers and packages in Boston.

William O'Brien of United Ireland has again been sentenced to imprisonment, this time for two months.

About 50,000 veterans arrived at Milwaukee to attend the Grand Army encampment which opens to-day.

General Isaac F. Shepard, formerly active in journalism, literature and war, died on Sunday in Bellingham.

A wheat warehouse, forty-two cars and three ships were burned at Fort Costa, Cal., causing a loss of \$700,000.

The Attorney General of California directs that the warrant against Justice Field, charging him with being a party to the killing of Judge Terry, be dismissed.

The eastbound vestibule train on the Atchafalaya Chicago line was wrecked yesterday at Kinman, Ill., and fifty persons were hurt. It is feared that ten of them will die.

The consequences of the strike in London are deplorable. Many lines of business are at a complete standstill, food supplies are perishing, and commerce is paralyzed. Meanwhile there is danger of armed rioting.

Wednesday, August 28.

The two colored men who edited the Selma (Ala.) Independent have been lynched for so doing.

The Northern Maine Railroad is now said to be secured, Houston having voted the necessary funds.

About 35,000 veterans participated in the Grand Army parade at Milwaukee. It was the greatest event of the encampment.

An earthquake was experienced on the Russian frontier yesterday. In the village of Khersonsk, 125 persons were buried alive.

Artisans and workmen of various sorts are leaving their work in London, and the situation is becoming phenomenal in the history of labor troubles.

The earthquake that was felt throughout Greece yesterday originated in the Gulf of Corinth. The cable is broken. A number of houses at Acarnania and Evionica were wrecked. No loss of life is reported.

The last steamship arriving at Victoria, B. C., from Alaska, brings word of the abandonment of the great Bear's Nest gold mine, recently purchased by the Duke of Sutherland and a syndicate of English capitalists, and which has turned out to be perfectly worthless. The loss to the syndicate will foot up nearly \$4,000,000.

Thursday, August 29.

The London strike is practically ended, the merchants yielding.

The Oregonian road has been sold to C. P. Huntington for \$1,800,000.

The peace convention at Mystic, Conn., drafts a resolution in favor of the admission of the Chinese.

The "City of Paris" came across in 5 days, 19 hours, 18 minutes, beating all transatlantic records.

Since the amendment campaign, 144 Prohibition clubs have been formed in Massachusetts. Many Republicans have joined the Prohibition ranks.

The appointment of Alexander Marvel to succeed Mr. Strong as president of the Atchafalaya, Topeka & Santa Fe, causes some surprise in financial and railroad circles.

The jury of the Paris Exposition recommend that a gold medal be awarded to Boston for educational exhibits.

Mrs. Robert Ray Hamilton was, after a hearing, remanded to jail at May's Landing, N. J., for the stabbing of Mary Ann Donnelly, her nurse.

The French government has notified every telephone company in the country that the government will take possession of the lines within twelve months. The service will then be furnished by the public at cost.

Commander-in-Chief Warner delivered his address at the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, making a plea for pension. General Alger was elected commander. The next encampment will be held in Boston.

Friday, August 30.

The 25th anniversary of the discovery of America will be celebrated in Paris.

At least 5,000 persons have been drowned in recent typhoons in China and Japan.

—Tippeco says he is loyal to Belgium, but must decline to become a German vassal.
—A highwayman stops a stage and escapes with the Wells, Fargo & Co. treasury box.
—Thirty thousand is the estimate of the attendance at the Manchester (N. H.) fair yesterday.
—The London strike is still at a deadlock. The dock companies declare they will only pay 5 pence an hour.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes' eightieth birthday was observed by his friends at Beverly Farms and elsewhere.
—A New York & New England freight train was wrecked and burned at Brewster's, N. Y., yesterday morning.
—Rev. Dr. Yost, chancellor of the University of Florida, has presented to Heidelberg College at Tiffin, O., a museum of curiosities valued at \$40,000.
—Charles R. Flint of New York and ex-Senator Henry G. Davis of West Virginia have been appointed United States delegates to the Congress of American Nations.

Saturday, August 31.
—The Queen prorogues Parliament until Nov. 16.
—Six Philadelphians were injured by the breaking of an elevator cable.
—Col. Dan Lamont has bought the Broadway surface railroad for \$25,000.
—Ten thousand French workmen will make a pilgrimage to Rome at the end of October.
—There is a bad harvest in Montenegro, and the people have to face the prospect of a famine.

Monday, September 2.
—Graham makes a successful trip over Niagara Falls in a barrel.
—London strikers hold meetings and resolve not to yield a jot.
—Death at Winchester of Fred S. Nichols, who recently killed his nurse, while delirious.
—Three persons killed and many injured in the accident on the Central Vermont railroad.
—A negro excursion train in Louisiana was fired upon, and a general shooting affray resulted.
—Rev. Dr. Lindsay, the new rector of St. Paul's Church, this city, preached in his pulpit yesterday.

Holshay, the "lone highwayman," who killed A. G. Fleischbein at Gogebic, has been captured in Michigan.
—The anniversary of the battle of Sedan was observed at Berlin by a public meeting and a grand pyrotechnical display.

THE CONFERENCE.

(Continued from Page 5.)

conducts, and five or six during the week, besides doing a large amount of pastoral work. The outlook at Chelsea seems to be slowly brightening.
Never, since the school was moved from Newbury, has the Seminary opened with such brilliant prospects. Over 240 have already enrolled, and they are sure of at least 250. This is due in part to the very efficient work done by Prof. Bishop during the vacation, and in part to the reputation of the school which it has honestly earned among its patrons. It is a Christian school of the first rank.
Rev. H. F. Austin, now of Winoski in the Troy Conference, but for several years a very successful member of the Vermont Conference, is at the point of death. He, indeed, has not already passed away. He sent a message to the writer of these notes, in which he said that the Gospel which he had preached so long sustained him when he was in the valley of the shadow, and that he wished all his brethren in the ministry to be faithful to their great commission. Bro. Austin will be remembered and mourned by a large circle of friends within the bounds of the Conference. The church at Winoski is being very acceptably supplied by Bro. H. R. Edwards, a local preacher who went to that place from Waterbury last spring.

A report of the camp-meeting will be given by a special correspondent who was present at all of the services. As an evidence of its success, a brother says that in the meetings, which were held in the Corinth tent, and conducted by Rev. H. F. Reynolds, thirteen claimed to have been converted, twelve claimed to have been reclaimed, and about forty claimed to have experienced entire sanctification, besides many others who were forward for pardon and purity. The presiding elder adds a note to say that in other tents, and before the stand, souls were converted and reclaimed, and that the whole was a grand meeting, and that the best of order prevailed.

Pastor Howe at Watsfield is steadily at work with the best of results. The congregations are unusually large for a place of that size, 120 being about the number usually present. For the past two Sabbaths the members of the congregation of the sister church of the place have been in force to listen to Bro. Howe, and the capacity of the Methodist house of worship has been well tested. The beginning of the Conference year he commenced services at Fayston, and the congregations have grown from 34 to upwards of 80, with the prospect of a still further increase. A successful Sunday-school is also maintained.

The new church at Groton is rapidly approaching completion under the energetic management of those who have it in charge. It is hoped that it may be ready for dedication late in October. Dr. J. O. Peck, of the Mission Rooms, who was reared in Groton, is to preach the dedication sermon. Notwithstanding the fact that the services have been held during the summer in a hall, the congregations have suffered no diminution, and are fully as large as they have been for several years. With the new edifice, it is hoped that there may be a gracious revival of religion.

The Washington County Y. P. S. C. E. held its semi-annual union at Watsfield, Wednesday, Aug. 28. Several of our brethren took part, but the feature of the occasion was a report of the national union at Philadelphia, given by Bro. George Newton, a student at the Seminary. Earnest and eloquent, he held the undivided attention of the audience for a half hour.

The Williamstown quarterly meeting was noticeable for the presence of four ministers, one of them being Rev. D. F. Palmer, of West Bradford, who was at that place in the employ of the Vermont Bible Society.

The church edifice at Rochester, re-modeled many months ago, is soon to be re-opened with appropriate ceremonies. Dr. J. W. Hamilton, of East Boston, has been secured to preach the

first of a series of sermons to be given on the occasion.

The congregations at Montpelier have reached nearly or quite 225 during vacation, and will pass 400 now that the term has opened. Pastor Hough is winning many adherents and doing solid work. No sensational methods are employed, but only such as will produce permanent results.

RETLAW.

The most brilliant social event in Poulney, Vt., of the season was the marriage of Prof. Geo. H. Farwell, teacher of instrumental music in Troy Conference Academy, and Miss Laura A. Belding, teacher of vocalization of the same institution, in the Academy parlors, Monday evening, Aug. 26. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. H. Eaton, of Green Island, N. Y., a brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by Rev. E. J. McKernon, of Poulney. The parlors were handsomely decorated with flowers and evergreens. The maids of honor were Miss Jennie Brown and Miss Gray. The ushers were H. C. Curtis, Jr., Herbert Randall, N. H. Perry, J. F. Armstrong, and Geo. H. Herrick. The presents were numerous and valuable. The happy couple started for Montreal and Quebec to be absent for a short period, bearing with them the best wishes of a large circle of admiring friends.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

THE HEDDING ACADEMY AND CHAUTAQUA ASSEMBLY.

The Heddington camp-ground, in southeastern New Hampshire, is central for the most populous part of the State. From year to year increasing numbers make these beautiful and healthful grounds their summer home. In the commendable effort to combine mental improvement with physical relaxation, the optimist here observes an improved drift.

The summer school opened Aug. 2, and closed Aug. 19. The management must have exercised rare judgment in outlining the work, and in securing such excellent talent for the eight departments; and it is quite remarkable that of so large a corps of lecturers and teachers, but two or three failed to be at their post on time. The Academy made an auspicious beginning last year, and the best public endorsement of the enterprise is seen in the fact that this year 239 pupils were enrolled—a gain of over a hundred. Though the fees are surprisingly low, the school pays for itself financially. But who can compute the larger dividend, the relief from mental ennui, the cultivation of taste, the stimulation of thought, and the awakening of laudable ambition? The unfolding years of time and the harvesting of eternity can alone give the aggregate fruitage of such work, under such gracious auspices.

The addresses of Prof. Hamlin Garland and Rev. J. W. Hamilton, D. D., on the opening day gave great satisfaction. Aug. 3 the classes in French, German, vocal culture, cookery, Sunday-school normal, American literature, art, and the Look-About Club were organized. Religious services were held Aug. 4; and thorough Bible school instruction was given by Miss Nellie Brown, teacher of the Sunday-school Normal Department, and Miss J. B. Stuart in charge of the "Look-About Club."

Aug. 5, and onward to the end, the various classes met regularly from day to day. The evening of the 5th was occupied by Prof. Garland, eloquent, list, and head of the department of American literature. He recited with very pleasing effect a variety of prose and poetical productions from his own prolific pen. The evening of Aug. 7 was devoted to a lecture on "Our Country," with stereoscopic illustrations, by Rev. O. S. Baketel, acting president. The evening of Aug. 8, Rev. M. V. B. Knox, Ph. D., interestingly described the "Old Things Seen in India." Aug. 9, Prof. Garland gave "An Evening with American Poets." Aug. 11 was a perfect day. The sermon was by Rev. J. W. Adams, of Chelsea, Mass. The speaker turned the tables upon the pathos and "answered the fool according to his folly." About nine hundred people were present. The Bible school, the young people's convocation, and a social service in charge of the preacher for the day, filled the afternoon and evening hours. Aug. 12 and 13 went on with the usual routine work of the class-rooms.

Aug. 14 the department of Christian Work was opened by Rev. J. D. Folsom, of Epping, with a Greek Bible service of great merit and interest. This was followed by an address by Prof. S. A. Dow, of Haverhill, Mass., principal of the summer school. Then came a scholarly address on the "Eccegetical Study of the Scriptures," by Rev. E. Robie, D. D., for thirty-five years pastor of the Congregational Church, Greenland, N. H. This was followed by an excellent paper on "Scripture Equipment for Christian Work," by Rev. J. B. Lapham, of the Maine Conference. In the afternoon Rev. F. E. White, of Newmarket, discussed "The Churches and the Education of the People." A delightful concert was given in the evening under the direction of Mrs. Nellie Brown Mitchell, teacher of the class in vocal culture. Mrs. M. is deservedly popular at Heddington.

Aug. 15, in the department of Christian Work, after the Greek Bible service by Rev. J. D. Folsom, the following topics were ably discussed: "Matthew's Gospel," by Rev. W. C. Bartlett; "Sermon Building," by Rev. J. W. Adams; "Non-church-going—its Cause and Cure," by Rev. A. M. Osmond; "The Young People's Era," by Rev. D. E. Miller; and "Live Questions for the Church to Handle," by Rev. J. S. Harrington. In the evening Mr. W. W. McIntire, of Portsmouth, gave a very instructive lecture on

"The Battle of Gettysburg," using the stereoscopic most effectively. G. A. R. Posts should call for this.

Aug. 16, the Greek Bible service was followed by eminently thoughtful papers on "Church Music," by Rev. E. R. Perkins, Rev. Wm. Ramsden, Mr. E. H. Thompson and Mr. F. S. Pearson. Then Rev. G. A. McLaughlin read a carefully-prepared paper on "Justification, Regeneration and Sanctification"—clear, strong, Methodist, sweet. Mr. A. P. Tasker, who is no visionary, gave some "Visions from the Pew;" and Rev. Otis Cole discussed "The Sunday-school Teaching of the Day," in a paper which in his absence was read by Rev. D. E. Miller. "What may be Learned from 2 Tim. chap. 1" was well described by Rev. H. A. Spencer. In the evening Dr. Knox gave a delightful description of "The Modes by which I Rode Round the World."

Aug. 17, the various classes were examined. Aug. 18, religious services were held as usual. At 10:30 A. M. Rev. J. M. Durrell, of Manchester, preached the Academia sermon. The theme, "Give Attention to Reading," was discussed in a very practical and happy manner, and was much enjoyed by the immense audience.

The Chautauqua Assembly opened at 2 P. M., Aug. 19, under pleasing auspices. There was abundant material for the congratulatory addresses. The marked successes of the past inspired hope for the future. At 4 P. M. the annual meeting of the Association was held. In the evening the opening concert was given under the direction of Prof. W. E. Thomas, of Cambridge, Mass., who had charge of the music for the week. His orchestral selections were interspersed by recitations from Fred D. Losey, of New York, a fine elocutionist, and solos by the brilliant soprano, Miss Gertrude Bryant. The numerous encores showed how much the audience enjoyed it all.

Aug. 20 found the Assembly well organized and hard at work. On account of the illness of Selah Merrill, D. D. (which was deeply regretted by all), Rev. C. M. Melden was secured to give the normal lectures. Mr. Melden proved himself a master-workman in this line of things, and more than met the expectations of his daily increasing class. The lecturers for the day were Rev. Robert Nourse, D. D., on "Why I am Not an Infidel;" Rev. D. H. Eia, D. D., on "Man's Place in the Universe;" and Rev. C. S. Nutter, on "History of Church Music in America," illustrated with stereoscopic and choir. All were lectures of great merit.

Aug. 21, Rev. Charles Parkhurst, D. D., most fittingly characterized Bishop Gilbert Haven, and eloquently eulogized the great and good qualities for which he was and is so justly distinguished. Dr. Nourse gave us "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The speaker's descriptive, illustrative and dramatic power was acknowledged to be extraordinary. Prof. J. H. Pillsbury lectured upon "Pond Life," in a very entertaining way. His stereoscopic views were very helpful.

Aug. 22 was "Recognition Day"—the day of days at every Chautauqua Assembly. The morning work went on as usual, and was crowned by one of the best lectures of Rev. Smith Baker, D. D., a man who always lectures well. Dr. Baker's subject was "Art and Religion." At 1:30 p. m., the C. L. S. C. procession was formed and marched to the music of Prof. Thomas' brass band to the Hall of the Grove. After the usual ceremonies here, the procession marched through the principal streets, and then to Chautauqua Hall. The day was perfect, the procession was large, and the hall was densely packed. The address for the occasion was by Rev. O. J. Gifford, D. D., of Boston. His subject, "The Secret of Contentment," showed the speaker's capacity for analysis and for reaching moral conclusions which are as logical as they are beautiful. At the close of this model address, certificates were given to those who were up to the required standard in the various classes of the summer school, and diplomas to those who had read the four years' C. L. S. C. course. Much credit is due to Mr. C. H. Hartwell, the chief marshal, and his assistants, for the orderly manner in which the procession was handled and seated.

In the evening Prof. F. A. Ober lectured on "Spain." The lecture was a superior one, and his stereoscopic views the finest we have seen. After the lecture came the camp-fire, fireworks and cottage illuminations. The brilliancy of the scene will long be remembered by those who were there.

Aug. 23 was a day of good things. Besides the class work, Rev. Daniel March, D. D., was heard on "Mission Work in the East," and Rev. William I. Haven spoke to the young people. Both addresses were fine and were much enjoyed. In the evening came the long-looked-for grand closing concert. In this, orchestra, soloists, chorus and reader all appeared, giving us their best and most thoroughly-prepared selections. Over a thousand people were present. It was Prof. Thomas' hour of triumph, and all good Heddington Chautauquans shared it with him.

Aug. 24 brought morning bells, morning prayers, breakfast, closing exercises, and the excursion to Isles of Shoals. The party was large, the day was fine, and the excursion most delightful. The management was greatly gratified with the work of Miss Nellie Brown. Prof. Rodeman, of Harvard College, did excellent work in the French and German classes. Miss Ida Maynard was popular with the large class in cookery. The art department, taught by Miss Elizabeth Folsom, was a decided success. Mrs. Emma Kettelle Tilton, pianist, was a great favorite with all the music lovers. Mrs. E. H. Thompson delighted the C. L. S. C. patrons of the Round Table with her "Scenes and Suggestions from the Palestine Hills," as did Mr. W. E. Badger in

his talk on "The Art of Picture-making." The morning prayer services, conducted by Rev. H. H. French, were spiritually refreshing and uplifting. The Chautauquan leaders magnify the Word and works of God, and hallow each day's work by prayer and praise. The place of Rev. J. M. Dutton, the president, who arrived from Europe too late to assume command, was ably filled by Rev. O. S. Baketel, Assembly director. Genial, thoughtful, self-possessed and familiar with every phase of this work, and untiring in his zeal, he deserves the thanks of all concerned for rendering possible so unqualified a success. All did well. Had we space, fuller mention and higher praise should be given to others. But we must not forget that God has given us these Christian workers, and that the highest praise belongs to Him.
J. W. ADAMS

ALL LADIES ARE INTERESTED.—This following letter shows very clearly how well satisfied those who buy their silk dresses of O. S. Chaffee & Son, Mansfield, Conn. Our readers will remember this firm manufactures silk and satin goods and sell direct from their great factory to buyers, saving all intermediate expenses.
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